YANK

THE ARMY WE

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men . . for the
the service

AIR CADET

The Flying Training Command's New Weapon

PAGE 8

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ROBIN FRANCO, born Feb. 24, 1943, and his mother, Mrs. Anthony Franco, of Brooklyn. His pappy, S/Sgt. Anthony Franco, is stationed with the AAF in North Africa as a member of the Black Scorpion Squadron.

ANN LANGTON (left), born Dec. 18, 1942, and HELOISE CONSOLE, born Dec. 22, 1942, with their mothers, who are sisters. Their fathers, John Langton SM1c and Lt. William Console, are in the Navy.

GREGORY DENNIS D'ABRAMO, aged 3 months, and his mother, of The Bronx. The father is Pfc. Gregory D'Abramo, who has sweated it out with the Engineers in New Guinea and Australia for eight months.

PATRICIA ANN CARNEY may not see Daddy for a long time. Wounded in Africa, Pfc. Patrick Carney is held as a prisoner in a hospital at Casserta, Italy. The Red Cross is sending this picture to Patricia's father.

Pin-Ups for Papa

THESE New York babies have never seen their fathers. The dads went overseas before the youngsters were born. The newspaper *PM* printed these pictures in a daily series which is now one of *PM's* most popular features. The mothers get an enlargement of the picture to send to daddy so that he can see how the new baby looks.

JOYCE HALBKRAM, born Feb. 28, 1942, and her mother. They belong to Pfc. Leo Halbkram, a cook with a Tank Destroyer battalion which has been stationed in Australia and New Guinea for 14 months.

DAVID THOMPSON JR., who was born Nov. 25, 1942, poses with his mother. The dad of this young Joe Louis is S/Sgt. David Thompson, with the QMC in India. Mom is a dietitian in a New York hospital.

ROGER ANSINK JR., who arrived on Feb. 7, 1943, and his mother, Helen, are great boosters for the Army Air Forces because Daddy is Sgt. Roger Ansink, who has been with the AAF in England for 11 months.

RAYMOND THOMPSON Jr. is getting to be a pretty husky young man these days. He was born in December 1941, a month after his father, Cpl. Raymond Thompson, went overseas. Pop is in New Caledonia.

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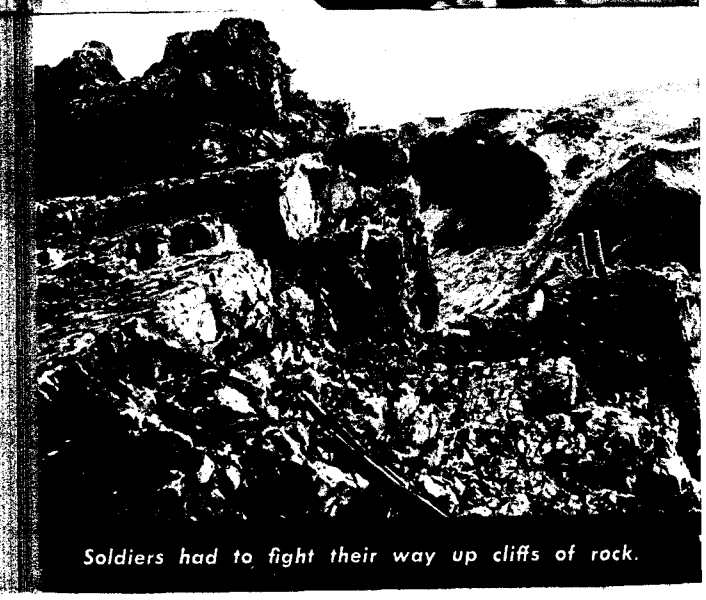
These tired Yanks, crawling into sleeping bags, bear witness that rooting Japs out of Attu was no cinch.

It didn't take American doughboys long to learn about snowdrift and bush and cliff-face patrols when they had to climb these jagged peaks and clean out the cleverly camouflaged Jap machine-gun and mortar positions.



Soldiers had to fight their way up cliffs of rock.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATTU ISLAND [By Courier from Massacre Bay] —Mountain troops are made, not born, and war in the jagged mountains of Attu makes 'em in a hell of a hurry.

For irrefutable testimony, collar any of the dogfaces here who evicted the Japs, ravine by ravine, crag by crag, from the snow-crested skyline of this westernmost flagstone of North America.

"Sao Cristo!" exclaims Portugee Joe Resandes Torres, a private rifleman from the Azores. "First we are instructed how to behave as the camels, and now we are mastering the ways of the mountain goat."

And Joe, as they say in Portuguese, is right.

How rapidly these adaptable doggies absorbed the lesson of the cliff-face patrol and the snowdrift ambush can best be reported by their lesson-masters—the Japs themselves.

"We learned the hard way," Pvt. John Shult of Toledo, Ohio, and Pvt. Raymond Witherstine of Youngstown, Ohio, admit. "But it was the quick way. The one-lesson way."

Shult and Witherstine went along when three mortar squads with accompanying machine gunners and riflemen, started to claw their way up the hollow cheek of Sarana Ridge to dislodge some harassing Jap patrols. For days the Nips had been squatting up there in snow suits against the fog-hazed rocks, pecking away with rifles and machine guns, and three or four times a day scattering our supply line with the overgrown grenade-thrower we call a "knee" mortar. This kept the overworked litter-bearers at a dogtrot.

"We had four machine guns with us," says Shult. "We figured we'd shinny our way up under 'em, then give 'em a red-hot goose."

"Didn't work out that way, though," says Witherstine. "All day long we crawled on our hands and knees' through snow and slippery moss-topped mud. When we were almost on the level with them, the fog lifted. There they were, sitting on top of us with their guns pointed our way. They heard our noncoms yelling out orders and plugged them first. It's lucky any of us got out alive. All of us didn't. Only way we could get the wounded back to the bottom was to

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cram 'em into their sleeping bags and slide 'em down through the snow."

"Worst of it was," Shult adds, "we couldn't get away with all our weapons."

That night mortar shells sprayed mud and moss and steel in the American camp. One blast from the beetling crest crunched to earth alongside a field kitchen serving troops of one unit their first hot chow on Attu. It was the kind of target the Japs like; eight wounded, two dead.

Early in the campaign, the Yanks evolved an operational rule of thumb: "If you see soldiers on a mountainside, don't shoot. They're American. If you see nothing, look out! That's where the Japs are!"

After that, the battle of Attu resolved itself into a wholesale contest of King of the Mountain. The man on top was king. The object was to shell, shoot, grenade and bayonet your way to the top.

"But it's a hell of a lot easier to tell about it than do it," says Sgt. Michael E. Clark of Mosinee, Wis. "Our platoon moved to the head of the Massacre hogback the first day. We got pinned there by mortar and machine gun. Four days I went without taking off my leather boots. Our artillery kept pasting away at 'em until one day we got word to move in under the cover of smoke shells.

"We charged up from the bottom of the hill and just over the first hump we hit the Japs. One little devil, surprised as hell, jumped out of his trench and came running at us with his bayonet. Two of our boys nailed him with their own pigstickers. It all happened so suddenly nobody had a chance to pull the trigger. Nobody likes to use that cut-and-slash stuff unless he has to."

Sgt. Al Finlayson, a California boy, managed to squirm on his belly to the lip of the trench where a pair of Japs were cowering. He yelled and motioned for them to come out. They didn't budge. He flipped in a grenade and moved on toward another breastwork where another Jap had just bobbed out of sight. Finlayson tried the grenade routine again, but he was overanxious. The pineapple cleared the trench. This gave the Jap time to uncork some of his own bombs. But he was excited, too. He tossed three grenades, all of which bounced on the steep mountainside and rolled away before they exploded. Then Finlayson got in a second throw, and that private duel was over.

About the same time, another Californian, Pvt. Ted Williams, was snaking up to the next enemy earthwork. He heaved two grenades. They fell far short.

"The Japs had spotted him," Sgt. Clark relates, "and they were just waiting for him to crawl from behind a little hummock to cut him to ribbons. Ted was in a spot. He was signaling he had no more grenades, and he was in no position to take a reading with his M1. So we kept the Japs' heads down with machine-gun fire while one of the boys tossed a couple or three more grenades to Ted. He only needed one. This time his aim was better, and we took up new positions in the trench with what the undertaker would call the remains."

Thus was the pattern sketched for each succeeding Yank advance: shell the pants off 'em, rake their tin hats with machine guns, crawl in and pepper 'em with rifle pellets, them root 'em out with grenades. Nothing less would work.

That kind of fighting meant that a lot of American boys didn't walk back to the rest camp after their three-day stint.

"It meant," says Sgt. Albert R. Perk, a Cleveland medic, "that the litter-bearers only heard the rumor that there was a rest camp."

Sgt. Perk landed from an assault barge on the Holtz Bay side of Attu, where the cliffs spring so sharply from the beach that every crate of ammunition and every case of rations had to be towed on a mud slide by tractor and pulley to the first plateau. From there, 20 to 40 men could pull a 37-mm gun or a pack howitzer up lesser slopes with 100-foot ropes while their buddies passed the ammunition bucket-brigade fashion.

"We also slid our casualties down the cliff for evacuation to departing boats," says Sgt. Perk. "We thought for a long time it was the only possible way we could get 'em to the beach. But we found out different. It was the night we pushed into the Jap village, Little Tokyo, in East Arm. We'd been lugging in casualties all day. About midnight we got a chance to try to snatch off some sleep. Then at 2 o'clock they yanked us out and told us all casualties had to be aboard a ship which was lifting anchor at 5:30 A.M.

"There were 131 of 'em to go. We didn't have nearly enough litters, and we had to work fast. Every one we could, we dropped down the mud chute. We could see we'd never make it at that rate, so we separated all the patients that didn't have broken bones or dangerous internal injuries. We packed 'em down the cliff piggyback!"

That's mountain warfare on Attu.

He Changed His Tune

ATTU—If there were a military decoration in the catalogue for the bravery of ignorance, you could strike one off for the Attu catskinner who misunderstood his orders.

For two days he churned his tractor and trailer, stacked with ammunition, up the mossy, muddy slopes. The air crackled with machine-gun fire and the spattering burst of mortar shells. Whenever a bullet zinged past his ear or flying fragments clanked against his iron treads, he shook his fist and cussed out the Yank artillerymen for a crew of inferior marksmen. By God, he was supposed to be delivering American ammunition—not dodging it!

He also thought the boys in the foxholes ought to help him unload the ammunition cases, and their absorption in other duties finally frayed his good nature.

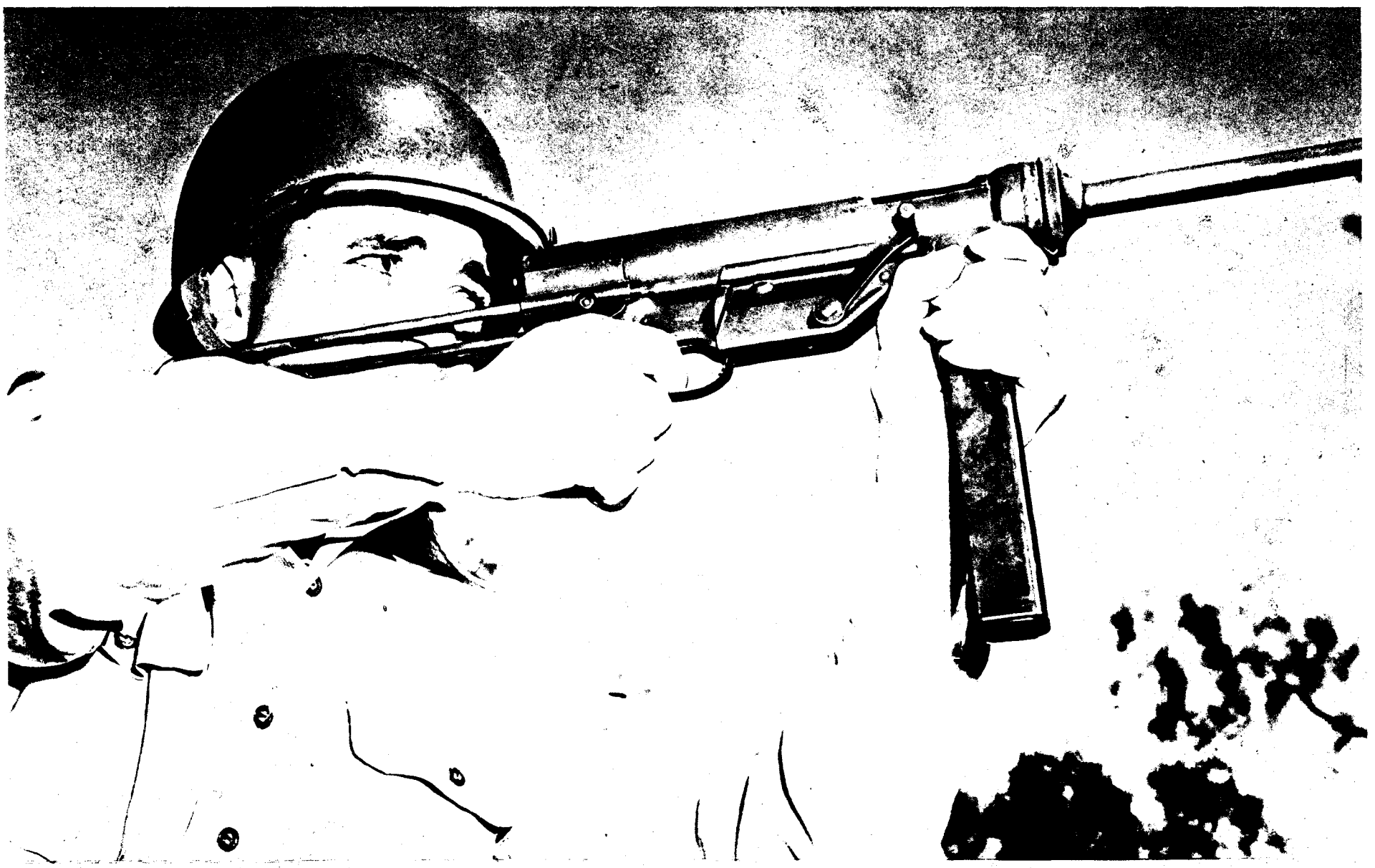
"How about it, men?" he prodded a handful of doggies in a machine-gun nest. "How's for giving a fellow a hand with some of this stuff?"

The men in the emplacement didn't even look around.

"Gawdamit!" roared the 'skinner, "if you want this gawdam ammunition, climb off your hunkers and help me unload it!"

The machine gunner glanced over his shoulder and then pointed. "Don't be a round haircut," he shouted. "See that zigzag trench on the ridge right over there? That's where that Jap mortar fire is coming from. Besides, you're supposed to drop that stuff 500 yards back over the hill. We hand-carry it in from there after dark."

The catskinner dived into a foxhole and wouldn't come out until the major talked to him personally.



NEW WEAPON. *This is the M3 sub-machine gun, caliber .45, less than 9 pounds in weight and capable of 450 rounds per minute. The M3 was designed by Army Ordnance to be mass produced with speed and economy, but it is a sturdy little gun which can stand rough treatment. It is of all-metal construction, has a collapsible metal stock and cylindrical barrel, and is 22 inches long in a closed position. The M3 is highly accurate, fired from hip or shoulder.*

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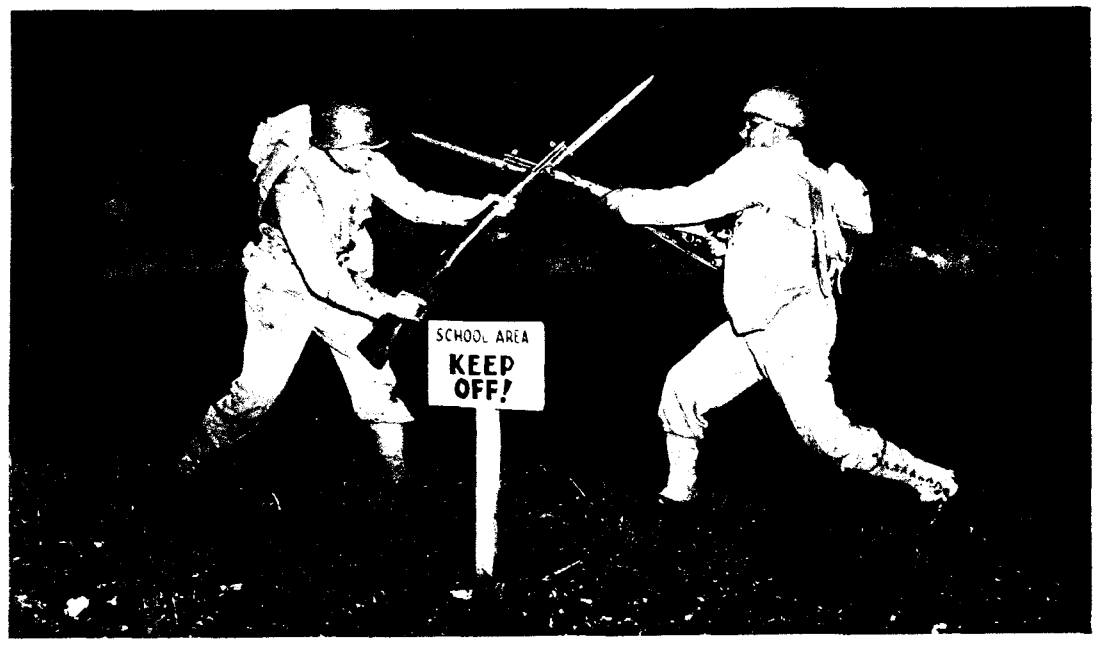

Two members of the first Negro OCS in England parry and thrust: Ernest J. Harris and Robert Terrell.

First Negro OCS in ETO Turns Out 14 Looeys

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The first Negro OCS established in the British Isles has turned out its first graduating class of 14 second lieutenants. They went through the tough school, setting records. One broke the assault-course mark, another had the highest score in map-reading. When they graduated, the adjutant said they were among "the most soldierly, gentlemanly and competent men who have come up from the ranks to qualify for OCS."

The men, now all second lieutenants, are William P. Murphy, a veteran of the last war who has been in the Army 25 years; William F. Duckrey, 35, a teacher in Philadelphia's public schools and graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; Ernest Harris, 28, steel worker who broke the obstacle-course record at OCS; William Cox, 34, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who in a year rose to master sergeant in the Engineers; Richard Davis, 22, of San Antonio, Tex., drafted after two years of college; Kenneth Wilson, 23, of Brooklyn, graduate of St. Augustine College, Raleigh, N. C.; Lester Gordon, 30, of Brooklyn, graduate of Brooklyn College, a former teacher; Samuel F. Coleman, 32, engineering graduate of CCNY; Carl Pope, 26, of Columbus, Ohio, refrigerator repairman; William A. Dyson, 37, a former railway mail clerk; James Rux, 21, of Bloomsburg, Pa., a laborer before induction; Robert L. Terrell, 24, of Houston, Tex., graduate of Prairie View College; Richard Wells, 23, former psychology teacher at Howard University, and Lucius Gibson, 27, of Americus, Ga.

Plane Crew Makes Engine Changes In 3 Hours; Made 57 in One Month

AN ADVANCED PACIFIC BASE—There is an aviation maintenance crew here that can repair anything. It can, for example, take a B-17 punctured 300 times by AA and machine-gun slugs, with two of its motors out of commission and much of its instrument panel shattered, and have it in the air again in 48 hours.

"That one," says M/Sgt. Stewart Hammer, the line chief who has spent 23 of his 43 years keeping Army planes in the air, "was more or less routine." The outfit has a record of keeping 70 percent of its planes in tactical condition at all times.

Location of this base is a military secret, but around here it is called the "Gateway to Hell." Malaria is the chief enemy. The temperature gets up to 140 degrees during the day. You open your mouth to talk and get a mouthful of black flies. Red ants and chiggers are present, too. A bottle of beer costs $10 to $25. At night there is a solid black-out. But the repairs continue 24 hours a day.

One month there were 57 engine changes, which Capt. Elmer Anderson, chief of the maintenance men, believes is a record for such a small crew. On one occasion eight engine changes were made on one ship in three weeks, the parts having been salvaged from ships even this crew couldn't put back into condition. Another record: eight men changed a fuselage directly behind the radio compartment, a feat usually done only in a factory. The mechanics took the front half of one B-17, the rear of another. What resulted flew.

Tools aren't too good, either. T/Sgt. Lawrence Myers of Weston, W. Va., borrowed office shears to cut fabric from abandoned ships.

Aside from Sgt. Hammer, the men did not have too much experience before reaching here. Cpl. Kue Perkey of Virgie, Ky., was a coal miner; he had 18 days of basic training before he arrived in these parts. Now he repairs the electrical systems on B-17s. Cpl. Ray McRee of Detroit had been a factory worker. When he got here about all he could do was gas up a ship. Now he changes engines. T/Sgt. Horace Fuquary of Mayville, N. Y., was a supply man. He's still on supply, which means that once he dug from the sand a motor that had been abandoned a month before and in a day had it ready for a mission.

Sgt. Jack Lohman of Washington, Pa., graduated from the AM course at Keesler Field. Now he can change an engine in three hours. "We never moved that fast at Keesler Field," he said. "Wish we'd learned how."

One member of the outfit is called Superman. He is Pvt. Cecil Cowan of Los Angeles, who sterilizes, bandages and tapes injuries. Infection is quick and dangerous in these parts. As training for his present job, Superman Cowan had six weeks of infantry drill in the States. That just about completes the outfit, except for the cook, S/Sgt. Theodore Harmon of Louisville, Ky.

The present location, with all its bugs and heat, is better than the outfit's last station, which was on Guadalcanal. Life there was interesting, says S/Sgt. Robert N. Lindley, formerly a farmer from Doniphan, Mo. "You never knew when an attack was coming until you heard the hiss of the first bomb. Then maybe you'd jump for a slit trench or foxhole. Likely there wouldn't be time for that, so you just went right on working—and prayed."

—Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Tent Peg o' My Heart

NEW CALEDONIA—On this island the barracks are weatherbeaten pyramidal tents surrounded by small ditches and large mosquitoes, but to soldiers they are home. It was inevitable, therefore, that names would be chosen for them.

An informal competition was held to select the best names. First prize was a new razor blade, no mean item in these parts. The judges went up and down the line past such fancy monickers as *Comgensopac, Usafispa* and *Sosspa*, finally paused and awarded second prize (a slightly used razor blade) to the pyramidal named *The Sad Sack*.

First prize went to the gents who had dubbed their estate *The Short Arms*.

—Sgt. M. H. WILLIAMS

German Machine Gun Works Fine When Aimed at German Pursuit Plane

WESTERN DESERT—Cpl. Charles Bshara of Sanford, Maine, member of a U. S. Air Force ground crew, found a German machine gun and some ammunition that had been left behind by the fleeing enemy.

Rather than let it go to waste, Bshara studied the gun, repaired it and mounted it on a squadron truck. He figured a time might come when he could use it.

The time arrived when a Jerry fighter came in low to strafe the camp. Instead of diving for a slit trench, Cpl. Bshara jumped to his gun and let go a stream of German lead from his German gun into the enemy fighter. The plane wobbled, went out of control and crashed.

"It works pretty good," Bshara said.

Russians Name Guns and Dugouts For Their Heroic Soldiers and Sailors

Moscow [By Cable]—In the Russian Army and Navy the names of soldiers and sailors who perform some brave deed for their country are permanently carried on the rosters of their units and often perpetuated in other ways.

Aboard the Baltic fleet destroyer *Leningrad* a gun bears the name of Petty Officer Vasili Kuznetsov. He died while firing that gun at the enemy during an aerial attack.

A dugout on the Leningrad front has the name of Gunner Alexei Bukhtiarov above the door. He prevented the dugout from falling to the enemy at the cost of his own life.

Seaman Eugene Nikonov's name is on a plate over the first torpedo tube of the destroyer *Minsk*. Nikonov was burned alive by the Germans in Esthonia in 1941. The facts have just been confirmed. Nikonov was a torpedo electrician on the *Minsk* when the enemy approached Tallin. He went ashore to help stop the invaders. His detachment held a sector for several days against odds. Although wounded, Nikonov went on a scout patrol and was captured. His comrades noticed a fire and rushed to it. They found flames licking a tall stake to which Nikonov was bound.

Every Man in This Show Troupe Has Seen Combat in New Guinea

AUSTRALIA — Deep in the jungles of New Guinea, the Aussies and the Yanks are going Broadway with the most unusual flesh show of the global war. It's called "50-50," being composed half of American and half of Australian troops, and equally financed by both governments.

Every soldier of the troupe of 60 has done battle on the fronts of New Guinea. Not one member of the cast, Aussie or Yank, was imported from the U. S. or the mainland of Australia, yet the talent rivals any found on Broadway.

Costumes are tailored to fit the individual and include false busts for the "she-males" in the chorus. More than $300 was spent on shoes alone. The low whistles that greet the lavishly costumed and skillfully made-up "girls" as they truck across the stage to the accompaniment of a 12-piece orchestra indicate the money is well spent.

The portable stage is especially designed and is of all-metal construction to withstand tropical climate and air raids. The electrical equipment, loud speakers, amplifiers, footlights and spots absorbed over $1,000 of the budget, the marquee another $500. The estimated $15,000 spent on clothes and equipment does not include six 3-ton trucks and Army field kitchens, on loan to the troupe for the duration of the show.

Primarily intended for the entertainment of troops in New Guinea, "50-50" will eventually travel throughout Australia.

—Sgt. DON HARRISON
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Pinball Machine in Honolulu Makes a Nice, Cozy Air-Raid Shelter

HAWAII—In one of Honolulu's cafes frequented mainly by GIs on pass there's a sign on the pinball machine which advises:

"In case of an air raid, crawl under this machine. It's never been hit."

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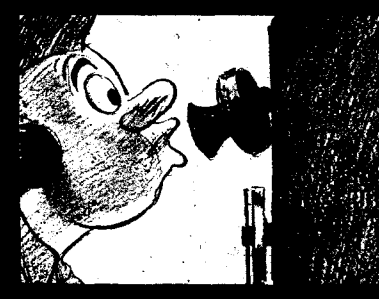
PRIVATE "SNAFU"

HERE is a quick preview of Pvt. Snafu, the animated cartoon character who will come to your post theater or overseas movie soon as part of the Army's own screen magazine, "The War." Snafu, produced by the motion picture branch of the Special Service Division, will be a versatile soldier. Films will show him in all sections of the Ground Forces, Air Forces and Army Service Forces at home and overseas. He is a little GI who really gets things screwed up. On these pages are work studies used in developing his character, and the original rough sketches of "Spies," one of Pvt. Snafu's first adventures.

ANOTHER MOVIE shows Snafu taking command of the Army. "To hell with discipline," he yells and lets all soldiers relax. This scene shows him being told of an enemy invasion.

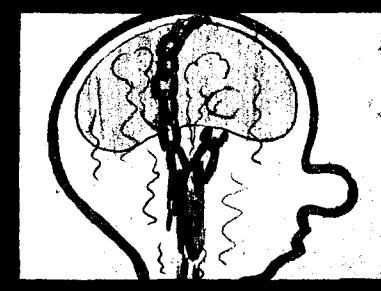
Snafu learns a military secret.

"I'll never let it slip," he si

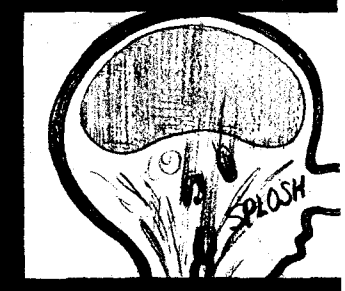


"I gotta secret, Ma; here's a tip."

"Keep it quiet. I'm going on a

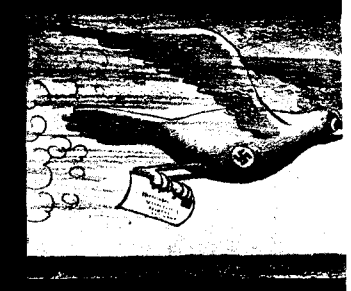


The padlock starts to dissolve . . .

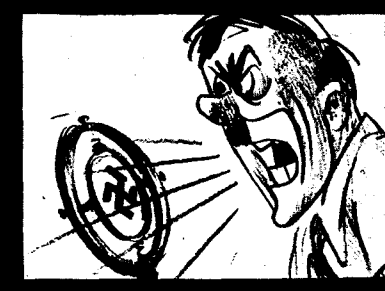


and alcohol melts the chair

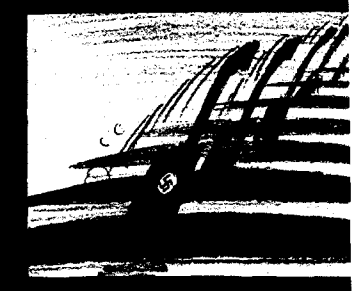
wakes the pigeon on her hat . . .



which carries the note to Berli



"Calling all wolf packs! . . .



Dot U. S. convoy leaves at 4:3

Torpedoes come from all directions . .

and hit him all together, . .

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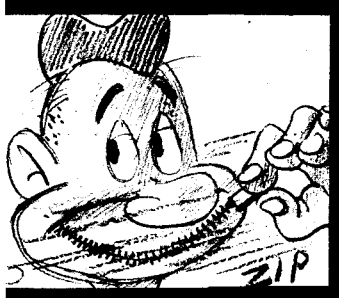
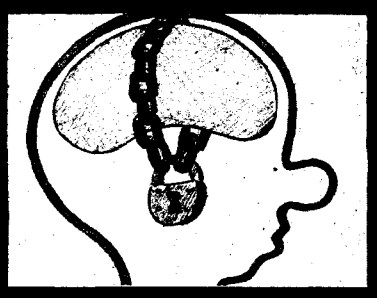
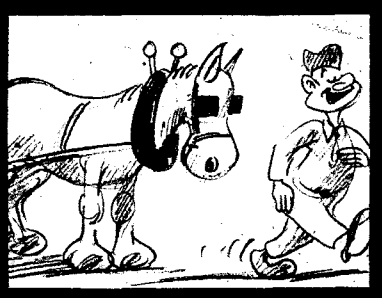


n I learn secrets, I zip my lip."

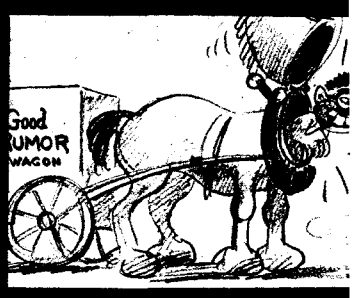
A cross section of Snafu's brain.



The same with its secret padlocked

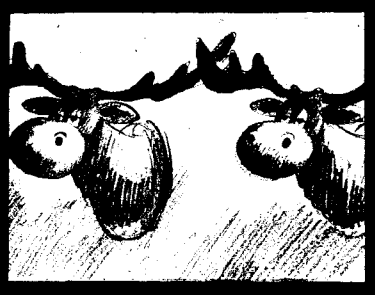


"You bet I got a secret," he sings.

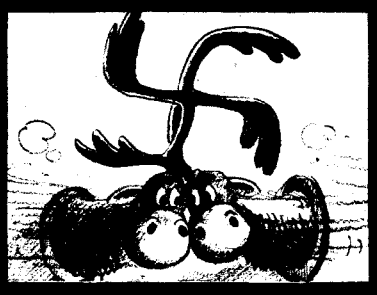


"We'll find it Out," says Jap spy.

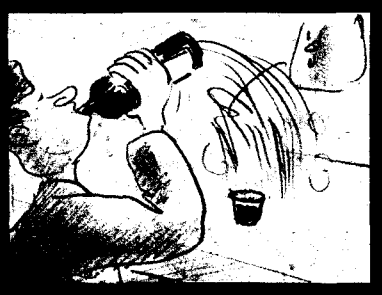
nafu stops for refreshment.



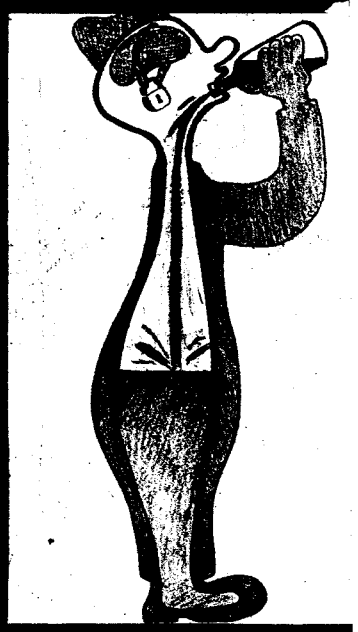
Two moose heads over the bar . . .

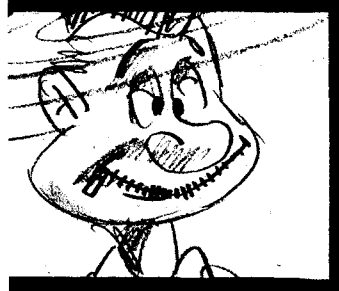


are really a couple of enemy spies.



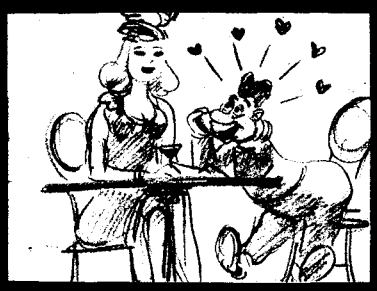
Snafu pours one down the hatch. →





s lips begin to loosen up . . .

and the zipper zips wide open.

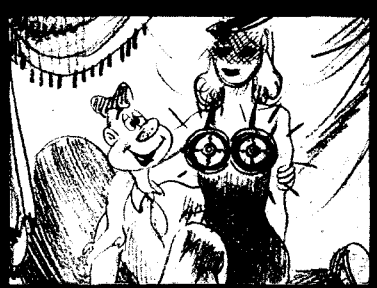


He sees a babe, starts talking.

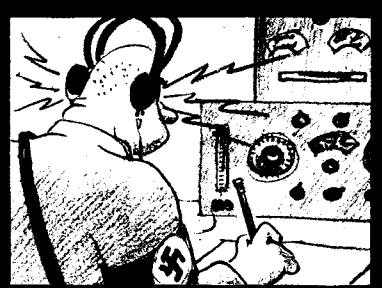
She uses garter typewriter, . . .

ere it arrives air mail special.

More of Snafu's secrets . . .

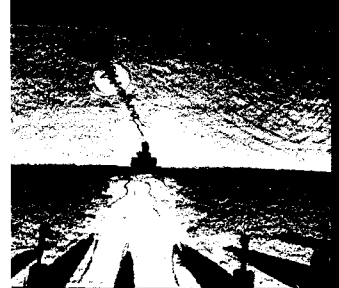


go into her special transmitters



which send them to Germany.

"He sails at 4:30, Fuehrer!"

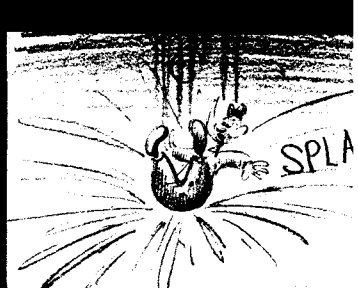


Nazi U-boats find the convoy.

Snafu sights sub and shrieks.

Ship pulls away at full speed, . . .

leaving Snafu alone in midair.



He sinks with a splash into ocea

ing him a ride high in the sky.

He falls to a warm place.

"How did my secret get out?" he asks.

"This guy blabbed," says Satan.

Snafu sees his own reflection.

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Flying Training Command's New

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

THE Army Air Forces' Flying Training Command is using a new secret weapon to create the largest and most powerful air force in existence.

This effective tool of war has caused many changes in the AAF training program, but it looks harmless.

It is a file of letters.

The letters came from American pilots, bombardiers, navigators and gunners all over the world, the Air Force guys who carried the ball for more than a year in the front-line combat zones while the Army's flying-training machinery shifted gears and reached top speed. They learned modern aerial-warfare tactics the hard way and wrote accurate reports on their problems. Now the instructors in Texas are converting those reports to textbooks.

The letters show that for the first four months of war we often flew blind in more ways than one. We also did a lot of blind shooting. Pilots in the South Pacific wrote that our bombers sometimes cracked up, not because of Jap bullets but because they were being flown by men who had never handled such big ships in training. Pursuit pilots failed to return because they had gone into combat with insufficient navigation instruction. Gunners were watching their tracers instead of their sights, wasting ammunition while the Japs dodged in and out until our guns were empty and then streaked in for the kill. The overshooting or undershooting of landing fields by U. S. pilots in those first five months of war accounted for too many wrecked planes.

The Flying Training Command lost no time taking that file of overseas letters, with its precious reports on the reasons behind the failures and successes of our ships and men, and using it as a potent weapon to increase Air Force power and efficiency. The transition schools for medium-bomber pilots in Texas—Tarrant Field at Fort Worth and Laughlin Field at Del Rio—are direct outgrowths of AAF experience in combat. They were established this year for just one reason: to give pilots who have mastered the smaller training ships additional time in which to accustom themselves to the bigger and more complicated bombers before flying them in battle. They study the B-24 at Tarrant and the B-26 at Laughlin, covering the ships from nose to tail in nine weeks, with 154 hours of ground school and 205 hours in the air.

That leaves the students very little time for horsing around. Although they are commissioned pilots with silver wings and have already gone through the mill of pre-flight, primary, basic and advanced instruction, their noses are kept on the grindstone at these new transition schools. They live like privates, eat separately from the post officers and say "sir" when addressing an instructor.

Air Cadet Walter Derk probes a motor of an AT-9 at the Lubbock Army Flying School, Tex.

For the first two weeks, students at Tarrant and Laughlin study the Liberators and Marauders on the ground. Then they practice take-offs and landings by the hour, get some high-altitude flying, learn climbs and turns and do plenty of navigation by instruments at night. They also spend several hours a day on meteorology, code, radio, aircraft and seacraft identification. They talk, from time to time, with bomber pilots who have flown combat missions.

One of these pilots will mention, for example, the time he was forced down by motor trouble on a South Pacific island. "If I had known the first thing about simple mechanics," he says, "I could have fixed that ship and got the hell out of there. As it was, we sweated it out for 23 days before we were sighted, and we were damn lucky to get back alive."

To prepare for situations like that, prospective bomber pilots at the transition schools now spend most of their 154 hours of ground instruction in engineering shops, tearing apart motors and fuel, oil and hydraulic systems. Tarrant's director of training, Lt. Col. Louis R. Hughes Jr., who spent five months as an observer in England, says, "When pilots graduate under this new training program, they are mechanics as well as flyers."

Another common weakness of pilots in combat zones was their lack of training in short landings and landings on rough terrain. Early last year one pilot wrote from overseas:

"We have been wrecking valuable ships out here because some flyers have never learned to land on anything but nice long cement runways. In this area, the runways aren't long and they are not cement. If Japs happen to bomb the place while you're out, they are not smooth either. Can't you devise some special training that will adequately prepare the new guys for emergency landings and take-offs?"

That accounts for the small county-fair variety of inflated toy balloons and old-fashioned clotheslines, hung with red flannels, that now decorate the runways at Laughlin and Tarrant.

The balloons are arranged in patterns, representing the narrow, short or irregular margins caused by bomb craters. Student officers practice landings in these mazes until they can burst any designated balloon with their wheels. The clotheslines, stretched at different levels, take the place of obstructions in combat airfield approaches, helping pilots to judge distances accurately.

"You can talk until you're blue in the face about emergency landings," says Maj. J. W. Hinton, Tarrant's assistant director of training. "But unless you practice them, it's a waste of time. We test every landing theory here and, if it works, we use it."

Pilots also learn gradually at transition school the art of landing bombers at night. They practice first with the field lights on full, then with

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only the runway lights and finally they set their planes down with only the margins illuminated.

The instructors are all top-drawer pilots. Take Lt. Eugene Ray of Tulsa, Okla., who teaches the Marauder classes at Laughlin. Lt. Ray won the Silver Star for gallantry in action while flying a Marauder against the Japs.

Incidentally, Capt. Fred O. Easley, Laughlin's director of flying, has great confidence in the B-26. "All that concentrated speed and power naturally makes it a tough one to handle," he says. "But in the hands of a skilled flyer who knows the Marauder from nose to tail, there isn't a medium bomber in the world that can touch it for speed and maneuverability. The Marauder is like a highly sensitive race horse. In poorly trained hands, it's hard to handle but with a good jockey up it will always hit the wire first."

In the final week of transition school, the new pilots are trained in combat precision-bombing formations. Then they are ready for the Operational Training Units, where they meet the crews they will shortly take into battle.

"Under the old system," Maj. Hinton explains, "graduates of twin-engine advanced schools went directly to OTU where they had to master their ships and study hundreds of tactical problems at the same time. Now, with transition schools in this revised training program, pilots go to OTU already knowing their ships inside out. That leaves them free to devote all their attention to combat exercises."

A typical trainee, Lt. Arthur H. Millard of La Crosse, Wis., was asked if he found much difference between twin-engine advanced school and transition school.

"It's plenty different," he said. "Twin-engine schools are tough but they have a college atmosphere. Here, brother, they mean business. Besides, the B-24 is no AT-10. It's eight times heavier and 20 times more complicated. Going from a trainer to the real thing is like going from the funnies to Shakespeare."

THE effect of the overseas letters on Flying Training Command activity is likewise noticeable these days at Randolph Field, the former "West Point of the Air," which is now the home of the Central Instructor School. The last bunch of cadets moved out of Randolph in March to make room for this teachers college, another new feature of the revised training program.

Like the transition schools for pilots, CIS is a product of actual combat experience. The Air Forces learned overseas that their instructors at home were teaching the fundamentals of flying okay but they weren't teaching each man to fly the same way. (There are about 40 different ways to execute a stall, for instance.) In the South Pacific, Europe and Africa every pilot in a formation must be able to anticipate every other pilot's

Weapon

next move. Dizzy from trying to guess how their teammates would obey certain commands, combat flyers requested more standardization of instruction methods at home. The Randolph Field normal school is the Flying Training Command's answer to that request. Every 30 days it sends hundreds of pilot-instructors, thoroughly drilled in standard Air Force tactics, to the primary, basic and advanced flying schools.

Nowhere in the Flying Training Command are the reports from combat zones mulled over more carefully than at Randolph Field. The future instructors are constantly analyzing them and getting into what-would-you-have-done discussions, especially when the reports tell of accidental solutions to combat predicaments, like this one:

"My ship was badly shot up and one of my guns was jammed. Jerry was all around me. For some reason (I don't know why — instinct, I guess) I went down low and stayed low, almost on the ground. I noted with satisfaction that the

Profiting from experiences of flyers in action against the enemy in Europe, Africa, China and the Pacific, our Air Forces have made several sweeping changes in the training program for our cadets and new pilots in the ground and cloud schools back in Texas

fighters couldn't dive on me at that altitude. As you can see, I got back safely."

Another tells about forced landings: "If you know you must set your ship down, look around for the best possible spot, retract your landing gear and take to the belly. But first check your distance, altitude and gliding speed carefully. If you're careful enough and compensate for any wind and if the terrain isn't impossibly rugged, you'll walk away from the landing."

The single-engine or fighter-plane advanced department at CIS is teaching a big lesson learned by combat pursuit pilots: solo heroics are useless. The Flying Command stresses formation tactics in fighter-plane operations.

Visiting Randolph recently, a pursuit pilot was telling a group of students how he got five Zeros in a single scrap. He explained in detail that his hits were not luck. They were made possible by the expert maneuvering of the other American pilots in his formation.

One student, obviously trying to draw him out on solo combat stuff like Gary Cooper used to perform in "Lilac Time," asked, "What did you do in fights when you got separated from your formation?"

The pursuit pilot looked at him coldly. "I either found me a new partner or I got the hell out of there fast," he replied.

The future pilot-instructors at Randolph do plenty of formation flying over the dry flatlands around San Antonio. The ships execute different maneuvers employed in dog fights while some planes, pretending to be casualties, drop out of the formation, thus forcing other ships to cover their positions. That teaches students how to reform defensive patterns quickly and emphasizes the teamwork angle.

At Randolph the three-ship formation, except in elementary work, is dying out. Two-ship formations and their multiples are the thing now. The modified "hurdles," used for practice crack-up landings 10 years ago and then abandoned, are back again.

An important change in the CIS advanced twin-engine department is the increased emphasis on instrument flying, inspired of course by experience in combat zones where bad weather is the rule rather than the exception. In such places as the North Pacific, fog cannot be avoided; it must be beaten. Instrument flying in the Aleutians isn't merely a means of saving a pilot's life. It is one of his most effective weapons for surprise attacks on the enemy.

"Some time ago we tried an experiment to determine, once and for all, just how important instrument-flying knowledge is to a pilot," says Maj. C. M. Wharton, director of the twin-engine advanced-training department at CIS. "We selected 10 basic graduates and gave them 10 hours of instrument flying. Then we selected 10 newly graduated flying officers with no instrument training. We took the two groups up together and gave them the works — spins, turns, tight spirals; the whole business. Well, the 10 cadets with instrument training did everything perfectly. The 10 graduate officers floundered, went completely off the beam and got confused. Since that day the art of teaching instrument flying has been a No. 1 must at CIS."

The school for instrument-pilot instructors is a part of CIS located at Bryan Field, Tex. The big news at Bryan right now is a recently developed method of instrument flying called "full panel." It replaces the old "1-2-3" or needle-ball-air-speed system, which most combat pilots criticized as being too mechanical.

Under the old system, a pilot kicked the left rudder if the needle moved to the right and vice versa. If the ball got off center, he used his stick to move it back into position. If air speed dropped, he nosed down to pick it up. This complicated routine wore him to a frazzle.

With the new "full panel" system, a pilot doesn't drive himself nuts chasing a needle all over the place. An officer at Bryan Field describes it like this:

"Every pilot knows that a plane's performance is determined by its 'attitude'—the position of the nose with respect to the horizon and the amount of bank of the wings. That same thing holds true for both blind and contact flying.

"Flying blind under the 'full panel' system, the pilot cross-checks his instruments to see if the plane is doing what he wants it to do. The little horizon bar or gyro-flight indicator, which simulates the plane's position in relation to the actual horizon, gives the man in the blind cockpit his center of reference. Other instruments provide indications of the ship's 'attitude.' The turn indicator and horizon bar may show bank of the wings. Pitch may be indicated and controlled by the altimeter, air-speed meter and rate-of-climb indicator."

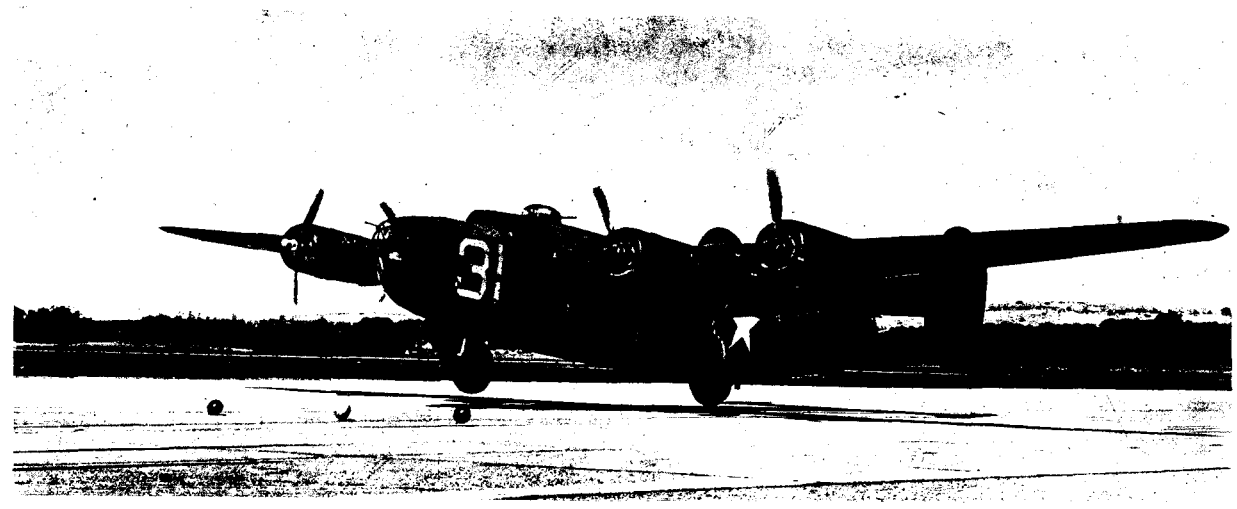
Pilots at Bryan swear by the "full panel" system. They say it is easy and natural. "The old blind-flying method," one of them adds, "made you spend half the time praying for a look at the ground."

Effects of all these changes in the revised program of the Flying Training Command are already being felt by the enemy all over the world, from Kiska to Naples. Pilots with the sand of Texas still in their hair are going out to pulverize Jap, German and Italian targets and they are handling their controls with a sure touch.

Maj. Gen. Barton K. Yount, boss of the Flying Training Command, puts it this way:

"In the last month, our forces have dealt the Axis incredibly smashing blows. If they think they are having trouble now, wait till our whole team gets in there."

(This is the first of two articles on the Army's Flying Training Command. The second one, concerning navigators, bombardiers and gunners, will appear next week.)



A transition pilot at Tarrant Field, Tex., aims the landing gears of a B-24 at three balloons secured to the runway. If he bursts all three, it's a perfect landing. From here it looks as if he's on the beam.

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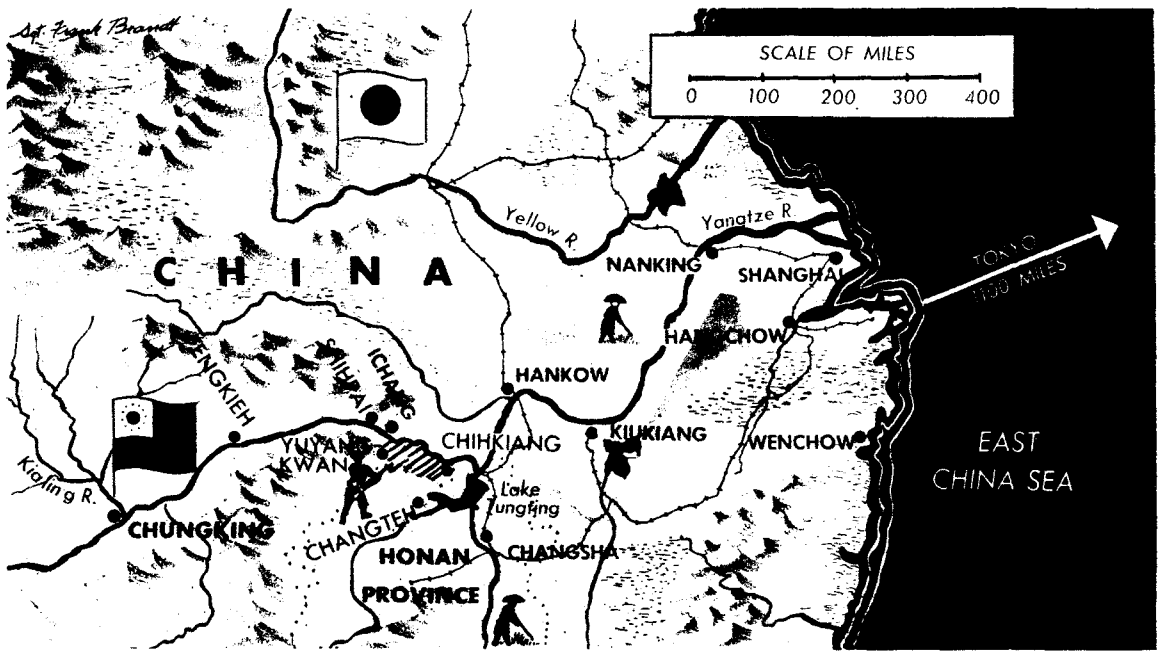
The War In China

With the help of Chennault's U. S. flyers, Chiang Kai-shek gains air superiority over Japanese for the first time and scores victory in Yangtze River campaign.



IN the air over the Yangtze River, one of China's greatest arteries of transportation and the world's third longest waterway, the United Nations have won another victory. Tunisia saw what French, British and Americans could do in coordinated action. Now Central China, stronghold of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, has seen what Chinese and Americans can accomplish when fighting together.

In Central China, Japan's Army suffered one of its worst defeats in six long years of war against Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers. The generalissimo's infantry fought doggedly, as it always does, but airpower was primarily responsible for the victory on the Yangtze. For the first time since the Japs set foot on China's soil, the invaders found themselves inferior in the air. Chinese and American airmen together formed a force that the Japs were unable to match.

This Chinese-American force was summoned to halt a Japanese drive seemingly aimed at Chungking, Free China's capital at the juncture of the Yangtze and Kialing Rivers. About 300 air miles down the Yangtze from Chungking the Japanese had established a major base at the river port of Ichang. The other great ports of the Yangtze—Hankow, Nanking and Shanghai—have long been in Jap hands. By driving toward Chungking through the lowlands due south of Ichang, the Japs sought to swing round the great gorges of the Yangtze, then return to the river at Fengkieh, from which point there is a smooth water route all the way to the generalissimo's capital. If the capital could be taken, Chinese resistance, lately at low ebb, might be mortally shaken.

To make the drive the Japanese apparently assembled some 60,000 men, a relatively small force even for a war in which small forces are the rule rather than the exception. The Japanese were confident, possibly overconfident, for they had evidently taken China's recent earnest appeals to the U. S. as a sign that China's people were growing desperate. At first the drive went smoothly and according to precedent. Japan's airmen opened the way and the ground troops advanced into the big rice bowl south of Ichang. They captured the towns of Changyang and Yuyangkwan after a march of about 40 miles into Chinese territory. Then they ran into trouble.

In fact it was double trouble of American-Chinese making. In Chungking, as in Paris in 1914, all motor vehicles, public and private, were commandeered to rush supplies to the front. Chungking's makeshift convoy was composed not of taxis but of jeeps and every kind of truck. And the generalissimo determined to risk all the airpower he could lay hands on.

The new Chinese Air Force, driven from the skies in the early chapters of the war and slowly rebuilt with American-built planes and American-trained Chinese pilots, was primed for its first major engagement. Elements of the U. S. Army's Fourteenth Air Force were moved up from South China bases. In three days the Americans erected a new communications system in Central China and were ready to go.

Ten attacks in the Ichang area, carried out by both American and Chinese pilots within a span of 48 hours, destroyed 28 Jap aircraft at a loss of only two planes. U. S. bombers—some piloted by Chinese, some by Americans—struck heavily at the Japs' rear installations. At the Ichang airdrome Liberators, Hudsons and Mitchells encountered fairly heavy antiaircraft fire but had little trouble dealing with the fighter opposition.

On the Yangtze below Ichang, vital to the Japs as a supply line from the coast, river traffic was badly disrupted by heavy and medium bombers and P-40s. Chinese-American pursuit planes, working from advance bases under direct command of Col. Clinton D. Vincent of Natchez, Miss., strafed Jap ground forces throughout the Ichang area. This was something China had never seen before. In the past it was the Japs who did the strafing while the Chinese fled from pitiless aerial blows. This time the Japs did the fleeing.

The unprecedented air support heartened China's patient infantrymen. At Shihpai, ten miles west of Ichang, they won their first big victory against the Japs—two divisions of them. South of Ichang, in the vicinity of Changteh, the Chinese trapped another Jap force, recaptured the towns of Changyang and Yuyangkwan and, by-passing Ichang, moved along the south bank of the Yangtze to Chihkiang, 30 miles down river. Other Chinese carried out swift and punishing raids against the Japs north of the Yangtze in Honan Province.

The battle for the Ichang region was not necessarily ended by these victories. Although one stiff Japanese counterattack was repulsed, there may yet be others tried. Moreover, the bitterest fighting was confined to an area only 70 by 60 miles, and the Japanese remain entrenched in the Tungting Lake region just 125 miles southeast of Ichang. The danger to Chungking was lifted, but it seemed unlikely that the Chinese could muster strength enough to drive the Japs very far down the winding Yangtze.

Nonetheless, the victory was important because it proved that the Chinese, despite all their defeats, disappointments and shortages, are still a fighting people. It emphasized once more what airpower can do in a limited area. And it foretold the fate which the Japanese, with their air weaknesses and overextended lines of communication, will suffer when the U. S. comes in full force to waiting China's aid.

What GIs Talk About in New Guinea Bull Sessions

NEW GUINEA—Almost any bull session down here ends up with, "When I get back to the good old U. S. A. . . ." What follows is plenty.

Most of the guys have old scores to settle. They spout off something like this: "When I get back I hope they send me to Jefferson Barracks just for a few days, that's all. I'd love to have one of those acting noncoms wise off at me. Boy! Would I tell him! 'Listen, you John Recruit,' I'd say, 'I've got more time in a slit trench than you've got in the Army. I've lost more mess kits than you've worn out socks. If I want anything out of you, I'll kick it out.'" The guy's eyes glow with the thought.

There's a well-battered copy of a popular magazine floating around down here that illustrates a point of conversation. In it there's an article saying that the guys Down Under would like to murder the fellows who write all those books about balmy tropical isles, grass skirts and sighing wind in the palms and then spend the rest of their lives in Maine or Minnesota. Beneath the article someone penciled, "Ain't it the damned truth!".

There's hardly a GI over here who hasn't had his fill of travel. All he wants is one more trip—the one home, by way of Tokyo.

It seems the more you travel the more you realize how swell your old home town really is. One plow jockey from Nebraska said, "I may go to the County Fair once in a while, but you won't catch me going to the State Fair—that's too damn far from home!"

Guys who before the war had no idea of settling down are now ready for a good old-fashioned marriage. "The girl wanted to get hitched before I left," one guy says, "but I figured I wanted to knock around some more. Believe me, when I get home, if she's still waiting, I'm ready any time she is."

There're lots of other subjects. About how funny it'll seem saluting officers again after a year of nothing more formal than "Good morning, sir" or maybe just a nod. About the time when moonlight nights will mean romance again instead of a time you try to get some sleep with your clothes on and your rifle and helmet handy. About the feel of snow and no mosquitoes and all those little things you used to take for granted and, now that you don't have them, mean so much. Like going for a drive with your girl on Sunday and saying to her, "Light me a cigarette, will you, honey?" and she lights you a cigarette and gets a little lipstick on it. Like walking into a bar and telling Joe to set 'em up, and shooting the breeze with him about business and who's going to win the pennant.

Of course, there's always the discussion of rank, and a lot of the guys who were Old Army hope for good ratings as 30-year men.

For the most part, though, the one rating most of the guys hope for is that of permanent civilian.

—Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE
YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

WAACS IN NORTH AFRICA

Sgt. Pete Paris writes a story, with plenty of pictures, about the company of 195 Waacs on overseas duty with the Army in North Africa—describing their jobs, their barracks in an old Algiers convent and their social life. Also in next week's issue: Another report from Attu by Sgt. Georg Meyers, YANK's correspondent with the American invasion force.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 2, NO. 2
JULY 2, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Can Anybody Write Music?

OUR Army overseas has learned and adopted from the British, Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians their soldier song which ends up: "There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean, so cheer up, m'lads—bless 'em all!"

It's a simple, lively tune that speaks the soldier's language. But it's not our song.

The Marines have their hymn, the Navy has its "Anchors Aweigh" and there is that ditty, "I'd rather be a pimple on the ——— of a ——— than a first-class private in the Medical Corps."

But where is the song of this war for the men who are fighting it? Where is the song like "Over There" and "Madelon" and "Tipperary" in 1917 that the soldiers will sing and call their own—a song with honest pride and honest guts and honest GI slapstick humor?

We've waited long enough for the civilians to give us an Army song that the Army will sing, a tune that has nothing to do with War Bonds or flag waving or tears in our beer for the girl we left behind. It looks like it's up to us.

Somewhere there must be a soldier who can wrap up the real spirit that's deep inside of us and put it into words and music. It won't be a cheap tune, designed to please the commercial orchestra leaders, but it will be simple. It won't be delicate or cute, but it may laugh at the things in war that we have found funny. It won't ring with bravado but it will have courage.

Can anybody write music?

STRICTLY G.I.

Units Overseas

THE WD has announced that the following units can be reported as serving overseas:

Fifth Air Force, Southwest Pacific; *Sixth Air Force,* Caribbean Defense Command; *Seventh Air Force,* South Pacific; *Eighth Air Force,* Britain; *Ninth Air Force,* Middle East Command; *Tenth Air Force,* India; *Eleventh Air Force,* Alaska; *Twelfth Air Force,* North Africa; *Thirteenth Air Force,* South Pacific; *Fourteenth Air Force,* China.

Eleventh Bombardment Group, Southwest Pacific; *(19th Bombardment Group* has operated in South Pacific); *27th Bombardment Group,* Southwest Pacific.

Fifty-seventh Fighter Group, 79th Fighter Group, and 12th Bomber Group, Middle East Command.

Americal Division (Composite), Guadalcanal; *Fifth Army,* North Africa; *Sixth Army,* Southwest Pacific; *25th Division,* Guadalcanal; "Elements" of *32d Division,* New Guinea; "Elements" of *41st Division,* New Guinea; *164th Infantry,* Guadalcanal.

First Armored Force, North Africa; *41st Engineers,* Liberia; *First Armored Division, 34th Division, Ninth Division,* and *16th, 18th* and *26th Infantry Regiments* of *First Division,* all North Africa.

Navy Stars and Clasps

Navy personnel may now wear bronze stars indicating action in the principal naval engagements of the war and bronze clasps for major campaigns. The clasps are numerals showing the number of campaigns the wearer has been in. Both clasps and stars are worn in the center of the area ribbons. There are six Navy campaigns extending from the Central Pacific Campaign which started Dec. 7, 1941, to the Northwest African Campaign which started Nov. 5, 1942. The engagements so far extend from Pearl Harbor of December 1941, to Wake Island of December 1942.

Battle Training for Service Forces

The WD has announced a new realistic battle-training program for the Army Service Forces. This program, which will be given during the second 13-week training period, will include instruction in street fighting and defense against paratroops and other airborne attacks. Smoke candles, TNT blocks and overhead machine-gun fire will be used to simulate battle conditions. At camps where facilities for this program are not available, the infiltration and battle courses of the Army Ground Forces will be used.

GI Shop Talk

Latest amphibian motor transport is the 2½-ton "Duck." It can smack through 10-foot waves without shipping water and is swell for surf landing operations. . . . New Zealand girls married or engaged to AEF soldiers can't go to the States until the war is over and their boy friends or hubbies have gone back first. . . . The Signal Corps has completed its aerial Alcan Highway, a 2,000-mile radio-telephone line from Washington to Alaska—longest communication system of its type in the world. . . . The WD announces an amphibious helicopter which can be launched from merchant ships as a new anti-sub weapon. . . . The new Anglo-U. S. Legion of GIs and Tommies had its first meeting in London recently. . . . The QMC has a new GI soap for guys on troop transports or overseas—much milder than the old soap and lathers in salt water. . . . Soldiers going overseas will no longer be permitted to use personal checks, says WD Circular 112. From now on personal funds will be carried in cash, money orders, treasury checks, travelers checks or letters of credit.

THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF EUROPE

Washington O.P.

WAYS are already being sought to relax the restrictions on mailing packages overseas during the Christmas season. . . . Ordnance men actually purr when they talk about the new M3 sub-machine gun. . . . Servicemen fathered about 140,000 babies in the U.S. during the year ending July 1. . . . Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in Congress to increase dependency benefits 15 percent. . . . Rep. Wright Patman of Texas estimates the annual earnings on an Army private at $1,700. Such items were listed as food ($1.50 a day, civilian cost) $547.50 a year, barracks shelter at $120, savings on cigarettes $10.95, savings on postage and barber bills $28.65.

Frank King, creator of Skeezix in "Gasoline Alley," gets background material for his Army scenes straight from the Ordnance Department and his stories from Ordnance soldiers back from the fronts. . . . Some people here wonder just how far the air crews will go in decorating planes with voluptuous gals. . . . Chairborne officers have been told to get a half a day of exercise each week.

President Roosevelt told us at his press conference that anybody deferred from the draft because he is in an occupation necessary to the war effort remains deferred only as long as he stays at that work. That could apply to strikers. . . . Newest gag about the War Department's huge Pentagon Building is that civilians working there will demand portal-to-portal pay. . . . On his arrival here, Brig. Gen. William E. Lynd, air task force commander at Attu, said he never got any closer to the island than 20 feet. . . . Soldiers in ASTP units can look forward to a 7-day furlough after each consecutive 12-week term (in most cases).

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This Week's Cover

AIR CADET John J. Casper, former garage mechanic of Stratford, Conn., is shown toting 100 rounds of 30-caliber ammunition to his plane at Matagorda Island, Tex., where he trains to be a fighter pilot. The course at Matagorda, which lasts 14 days, includes firing at fixed and moving targets, strafing tactics and formation flying. He wears a Mae West, and the rounds in his hands are painted an assigned color so that his hits on the target can be recorded. For story on the Flying Training Command, see page 8.

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"The mail's in"; which is about the best news you can get around here.

Digging out a foxhole after a blizzard. Question: Can he get to China

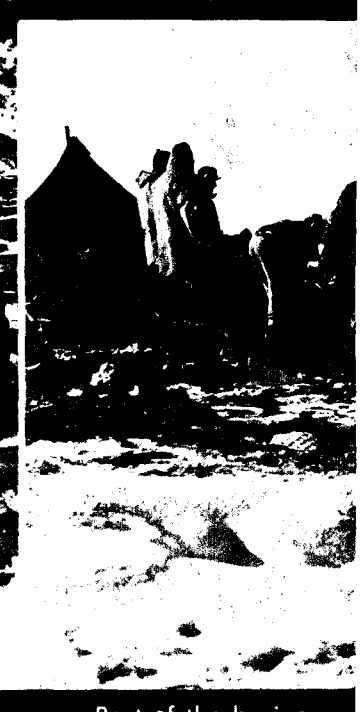
Lt. Gen. S. B. Buckner Jr. (then Maj. Gen.), Alaska Defense Command chief, and Brig. Gen. L. E. Jones Sr.

A cold Aleutians cemetery, with a machine-gun nest in background (right)

YANK'S SGT. GEORG MEYERS SENDS A PHOTO REPO

Setting up this field gun is harder than shooting it.

It's wash day. The trick is to wring them out before they freeze.



Part of the business o

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Air Force ground men arrive in a landing barge to groom planes that bomb the Jap-held island of Kiska.

ROM THE NORTH WHERE WE MOVE CLOSER TO TOKYO

GIs clean their mess kits.

Toting in heavy loads of mail makes these men popular.

Here's a load that's going straight to Kiska—by air.

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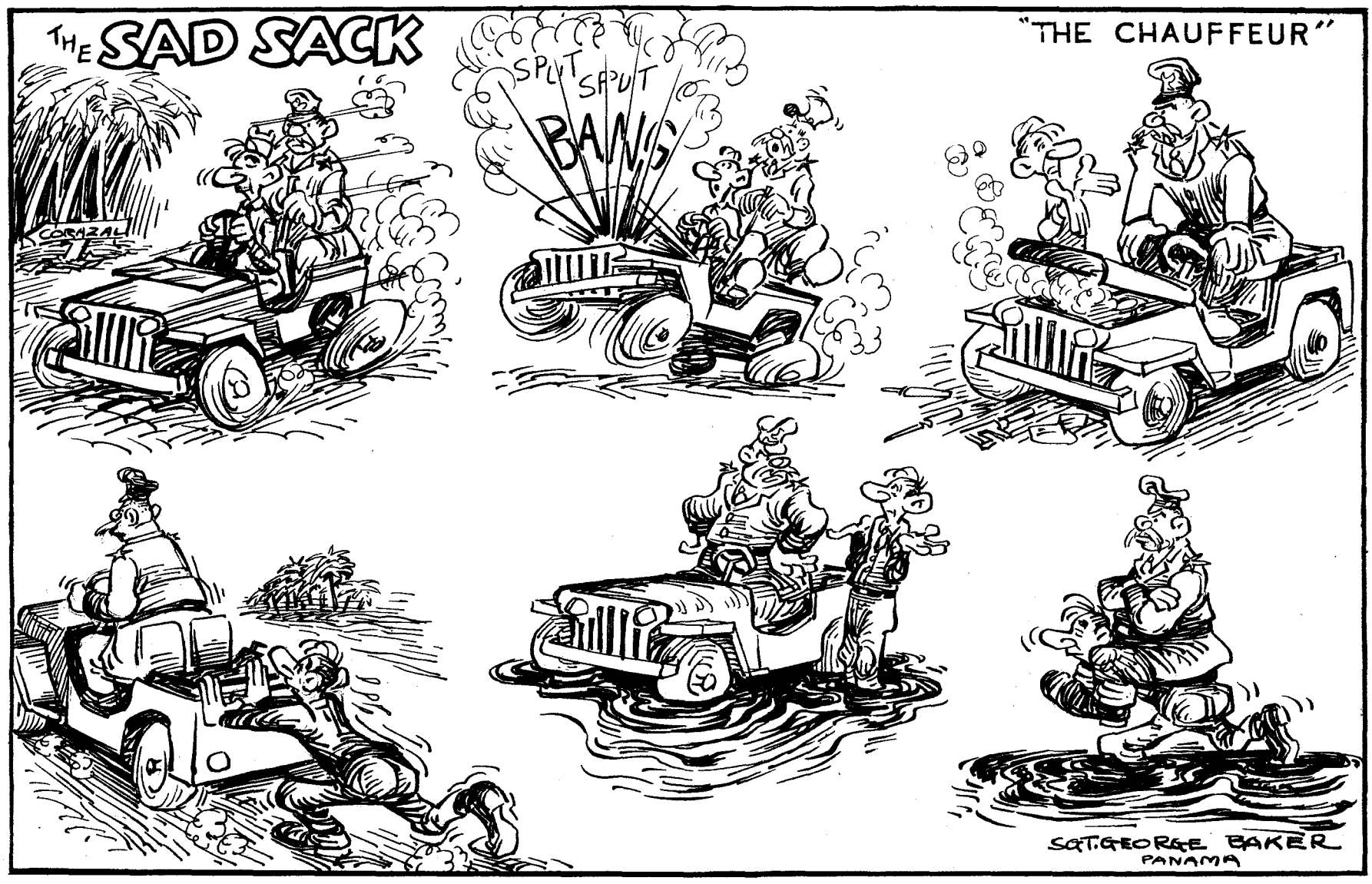

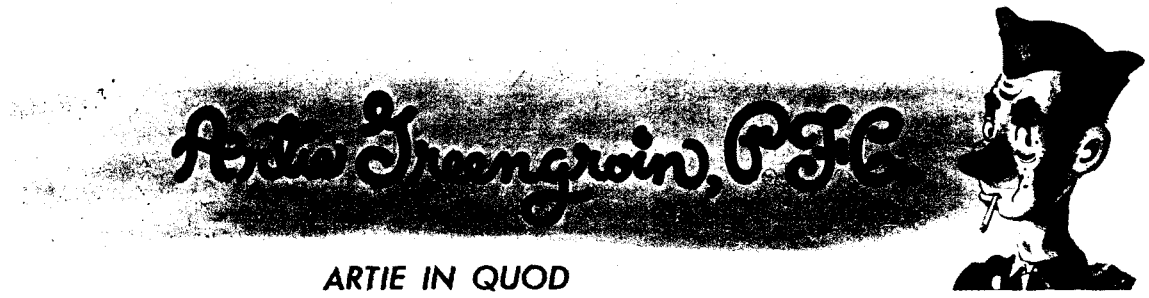

ARTIE IN QUOD

"How do you like it here, Artie?" we wanted to know.

"Ah, I been in worser places," Artie said. "As guardhouses go, this is a very good guardhouse. As guardhouses go, you unnerstand."

We understood. "How's the food?" we asked.

Artie winced. "Thass the catch," he said. "Thass the oney catch. If I'd of knowed the food was going to be so bad I wouldn't of done what I done. Never. I got a congenital stummick and it bruises easy."

We said that we were sorry about Artie's stomach.

"It's me own fault," he said. "I shouldn't of done what I done. I should leave coinels alone. My motter from now on is live and let live."

"What happened between you and the colonel?" we asked.

"A inspection," Artie said. "Jess a little inspection. The oney thing about it was, it was the thoid in three days. I was fed up, completely fed up. I guess I tole the coinel off."

We said he must have told someone off or he wouldn't have been where he was.

"Yeah," Artie said, "thass right. I jess couldn't stand no more inspections. I got enough to do to keep me truck clean without bothering too much about me person. Thass all I do in this Army, polish that ole bassar of a truck. I don't even get time to shave hardly. These coinels is going to be the death of me."

"What happened, old boy, to the best of your recollection?" we asked.

"Well," Artie said, "as I tole you, it was the thoid inspection in three days. Foist we had a general come along and then a coinel and then this other coinel. I bore up fine through the foist two inspections. Nobody had no complaint to fine with me at all. I was poised, perfectly poised. But they exhausted me. Nothing in the Army is more exhausting than a inspection. Am I right?"

He was right.

"So this one morning I was unner me truck," Artie said, "toying with the differential, not causing no trouble to nobody when this corporal comes up and says, 'Hey, Greasy, they's going to be a inspection in a hour. Go and get into your pretties!'

"I crawled out from unner me truck, for gaw's sake, and I was very boined. 'Ah, the hell with it,' I says to myself. 'Artie,' I says to myself, 'it's time you put a stop to all this inspection business.' So I made me plans.

"Come a hour later, and we're all drug out of the Motor Pool and lined up for this coinel to take a gander at. Everyone is wearing their pretties, except little ole Artie. Little ole Artie is still wearing his little ole grease suit and he hasn't shaved or nothing.

"Well, this coinel comes down the line. He's a very inquisitive Joe, see? He's always asking the guys questions. 'What is your job, soldier?' he will say, and the guy will say, 'Oh sir, I'm the company clerk.' 'Hump,' the coinel will say, and then he'll move on to the next guy.

"The coinel slides down the line, and finely he skids to a stop smack in front of little ole Artie. 'Hump,' he says.

" 'Hump yourself,' I says unner me breath.

" 'Wass that, soldier?' the coinel says.

" 'I was clearing my t'roat, sir,' I says. 'I got a cole, sir. Standing inspections in the open air all the time is bad for my larnyx, sir,' I says.

" 'Hump,' says the coinel. 'And wass your job?'

" 'I'm a driver, sir,' I says. 'That is, I used to be a driver. Lately I been standing so many inspections that I haven't had no time to drive. Some war,' I says.

"The coinel had a couple of very inneresting blood vessels on his neck and they began to regurgitate. Pockety-thump, them blood vessels was going. I figured the coinel was getting kind of boined, but I was very careless that morning.

" 'Begging the coinel's pardon,' I says, 'but when are we going to stop being inspected and start fighting a war? I am having trouble with the differential on me truck, and if I hadn't had to stop woik for this inspection that differential would be humming like a hive of bees.'

"The coinel toined to a shavetail foist class who was standing behine him. 'Take this man's name,' he said. 'Put him down for insubordination. Other things, too. You know, the usual.'

" 'Wass your name, soldier?' the shavetail says.

" 'Greengroin, your honor,' I says. 'Artie Greengroin, Pfc.' Believe me, ole boy, I was really in the groove.

"Well, the shavetail took my name and him and the coinel sauntered away. And next morning I fine myself on the primrose path to the jug. So here I am."

We said he had shown an unparalleled bravery.

"You hit it right on the head, ole boy," Artie said. "Thass what I shown—a unparalleled bravery. I should get me a medal. Still and all I got no complaints. This is a pretty good guardhouse. The MPs is very decent MPs, and I took one of them for 14 shillings at poker the other night. Thass strictly off the record, unnerstand?"

We understood.

"You know the oney thing that gripes me about the whole performance?" Artie said. "It was the attitude tooken by my barracks mates. They was scandalized, simply scandalized. For gaw's sake, what kine of a war are we fighting? I can't stand no more pantywaists. You know what I'm going to do when I get out of here? I'm going to jern either the Parachuters or the Rangers. A man can really spread himself in them outfits."

"When are you going to get out?" we asked.

"Thass a moot pernt," Artie said. "Less talk about something else, huh? Less talk about the 14 shillings I tooken off the MP."

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MESSAGE CENTER

T/Sgt. Charlie Cook, whose last address was Stockton Air Dept., Stockton, Calif., should get in touch with **Pvt. C. E. Johnson Jr.,** 56th Adrm. Sq., Fort Williams AB, Camp Douglas, Wis. . . . **Pvt. Hanson Kellogg,** 261 MP Co., Fort Mason, San Francisco, Calif., is anxious to hear from members of the class of '30, Roxbury Latin School, West Roxbury, Mass. . . . **Pvt. Odell Hindsley,** somewhere in Oregon, should write to **Pvt. John A. Hindsley,** 70th Mess Sq., Bks. AAB, Lincoln, Nebr. . . . **Fred H. Von Hinken S2c,** Co. 1718 Fire Control Sch., Coddington Point, USNTS, Newport, R. I., wants to hear from **Pfc. Frank J. Gallacidet,** whose last address was Westover Field, Mass. . . . **Pfc. Hellfried E. Muller,** Co. F. 415 Inf., Camp Adair, Oreg., wants news from his nephew, **Joseph Frank Luycio S1c.** . . . **Pvt. Neil O. Olano,** Det. 9, 909 QM Co., SAAAB, Avn. Serv., Santa Ana, Calif., wants to hear from **S/Sgt. Edgar M. Barfield** and **Robert B. Henderson,** both in the S. Pacific; **T/Sgt. Joseph R. Skeen,** Med. Dept., and **AC James B. Taylor.** . . . **Cpl. Thomas Suzenski** and **Sgt. Andrew Bernat,** both in Co. B, 11th Inf., Hq., Cape Charles Defense Force, Camp Ettinger, Va., want to hear from **Cpl. Anthony Wilk** and **Pfc. Larry Lewa.** . . . **Sgt. Mannie Greenfield,** Public Relations, AAFBFS, Bainbridge, Ga., wants **S/Sgt. Irv Fishman,** crew chief in N. Africa, to write. . . . **T/5 Johnny McGee,** Hq. Det., South Post, Fort Myers, Va., would like to hear from his old pals from Jersey City and New York City. . . . If anyone knows where **Sgt. Milton Wolk** of Onset, Mass., is stationed, will he notify **Pvt. Jos I. Walin,** Med. Det. Sta. Hosp., Chanute Field, Ill.? . . . Will **Joseph Trovato,** somewhere in Africa, write to **Cpl. Wavpotich,** Co. B, 603d Engr. Cam. Bn., Fort George G. Meade, Md.? . . . **Sgt. John D. Hunter,** Btry. C, 738th CA Bn. (AA), Camp Edwards, Mass., sends greetings to **Cpl. Leslie Johnson** of New Jersey and **Cpl. Russell Hickey** of Pennsylvania. They are both somewhere in N. Africa. . . . **Pfc. Henry Noe,** 712 Tr. Gp., AAFTTTC, Atlantic City, N. J., would like mail from **Pvts. Bill Leonard** and **Harold Wright.** . . . **Pvt. Walter J. Walsh,** Co. A, 8th Bn., Camp Shenango, Pa., wants news from **Pvt. Paul Sartini** of Fort Worth, Tex., and **Pvt. John I. Caine,** stationed in N. Ireland. . . . **Aux. Helen Yankura,** 141 Atlantic Ave., New Castle, Pa., wants to hear from **Sgt. Darrell Gould.** . . . **Cpl. Merrill R. Swartz,** Co. E, 33d Sig. Bn., Camp Crowder, Miss., is paging **Pvt. Myron Uurkoff,** stationed in Louisiana or Georgia and **Si Wolf** with the Sea Bees. . . . **Pfc. Pete Lesniowski,** Co. H, 9th Ardm. Regt. 20th AD, Camp Campbell, Ky., would like to hear from **Pvt. Lewis Shaw,** who worked at the post office at Gap Happy Valley, Indiantown Gap, Pa., also **Pat Rooney** of Dearborn, Mich., now stationed in Alaska. . . . **S/Sgt. C. Borysowski,** Co. B, 11th Inf., Camp Ettinger, Va., wants **Cpl. John Zwolak's** address.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Nolan *Dunbar* *Sibold*

S/Sgt. Jack Nolan, staff cartoonist of the *CBI Roundup* in India, and Pfc. Willie Sponemann, now in Hawaii, used to be six-day bicycle riders back in The Bronx. "When we get back," Nolan tells him, "I'll not only beat you in a 10-mile cork race but teach you a few tricks about snake-charming in the bargain." . . . **Pfc. Nick Dunbar** of Minneapolis, Minn., is in S-3 at a S. Pacific base. To his friends at D-15 he says: "Furlough about over. Hope to be back with you fellows soon." . . . **S/Sgt. George G. Sibold,** China, sends best regards to Pvt. P. J. Murphy, S. Pacific, and tells him to write c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

O'Dair *Whitehouse* *Georas*

Sgt. Richard T. O'Dair of Polo, Ill., sends this message to Cpl. Samuel J. Gillian, somewhere in N. Africa: "Be sure and bring back a couple of Huns for the Brookfield Zoo. Write when you take time out, APO 885, New York." . . . **T/Sgt. William C. Whitehouse Jr.** of Lynbrook, L. I., now serving in Panama, has a bone to pick with S/Sgt. J. O. Oprisko in Trinidad. He tells him: "In '41 I wrote two letters which you failed to answer. Get on the ball and drop me a line." . . . **S/Sgt. J. N. (Smoky) Georas,** China, wants S/Sgt. Aaron Everham, somewhere in N. Africa, to drop him a line c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Hankins *Damon* *Stubblefield*

Pvt. James B. Hankins of Beloit, Wis., asks Richard H. Sulik, also of Beloit, if he thinks about those short beers they used to down at the Rathskeller in Madison. Also he says: "How about sending me a Ubangi, in care of APO 885, New York." . . . **M/Sgt. Oscar C. Damon** of New York has a nephew who hasn't written since the war started. Damon asks that he write him at Special Service Branch, Hawaiian ASF, Fort Shafter, T. H., and adds: "Tell me where you're stationed and what you're doing." . . . **T/Sgt. N. G. Stubblefield,** China, wants his brother, Cpl. B. D. Stubblefield, a marine in the S. Pacific, to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Eskelin *Cashman* *Winkle*

Sgt. Martin E. Eskelin of Dorset, Ohio, is a mail clerk at an APO in India, so it's professional criticism when he says to S/Sgt. Dick Eichenberger of Fort Knox, Ky.: "Next time you write, use the right APO. Your last letter had to be redirected." . . . **Sgt. Robert K. Cashman,** China, has mislaid a brother, Sgt. Edward A. Cashman, who was attached to the 167th Station Hospital, overseas, when last heard from. Edward can reach Robert if he writes him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Pfc. Louis E. Winkle Jr.** is home in the States on an emergency furlough and sends this message to his outfit, Battery G, 95th CA (AA): "Furlough about over so I'll be seeing you soon."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

There was a glaring omission in your story, "Meet the Guys Who Saved You, Sergeant" [in an April issue of YANK]. Your correspondent omitted the name of Pfc. Joseph James Lazzara, the soldier actually responsible for the rescue of Sgt. Aldrich. This picture shows Maj.

Gen. E. M. Landrum pinning the Soldier's Medal on Pfc. Lazzara, who plunged in the freezing water and saved Sgt. Aldrich although waves, 6 to 8 feet high threw him back against the rocks. Without detracting from the courage of other persons mentioned in your article, correction should be made in justice to Pfc. Lazzara.

—**Col. HENNING LINDEN**

Alaska

Dear YANK:

In your sports section [a May issue] you asked what became of Babe Didrikson, the golf champion. Babe is now Mrs. George Zaharias, better-half of the famous Greek heavyweight wrestler. Babe was reinstated to the simon-pure golf ranks last January and is now playing in every available tournament on the Pacific Coast. She won the Los Angeles midwinter championship last March and lately has been busy competing in foursome matches with servicemen.

—**Pvt. KEITH QUICK**

Camp Hood, Tex.

Dear YANK:

In *Evening Report* [in a May issue of YANK] you said that 213 beautiful stars had been interviewed in the Warner Brothers studio and 179 said they would rather go out with an enlisted man than an officer any night of the week. As I am going to Hollywood on my furlough next week, I propose to test these statistics for you. If you will furnish me with the names and telephone numbers of the 179 actresses who prefer privates, I will provide you with the result of the experiment and most of its ramifications. To save future correspondence please furnish me also with the names of the 34 who prefer officers and I will check on them, as I am awaiting an OCS appointment. I hope my voluntary cooperation will be appreciated and settle the doubts I know are held by most privates.

—**Pvt. BERNARD R. LAWRENCE**

Camp McCain, Miss.

Dear YANK:

You have many stories about our soldiers in foreign lands—why don't you write an article about some of the newcomers to the States, such as English and Chinese cadets now getting flight training here in Arizona? It's no military secret.

—**Pvt. H. V. PETERSEN**

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear YANK:

We have just read Sgt. Al Hine's story, "First GI Report from Iran: It's Cold, Expensive and Strange" [in a March issue of YANK]. We are volunteering a second GI report from Iran: It's sweltering, expensive and filthy. How did Sgt. Hine form his impression of this country? Either he is connected with the Chamber of Commerce or he's been walking around without his sun helmet. Sgt. Hine said that it's cold here. Today the temperature is running around 125, and last summer the cold water was so hot you couldn't get under it to take a shower. Perhaps it does get cold in some places but why isn't he more specific instead of describing his locality as typical of the rest of the country. The fellows in this detachment want a personal interview with Sgt. Hine to set him straight on this hellhole of Asia.

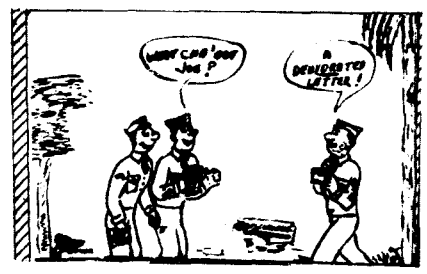
Iran —**T/4 F. J. BENTZ***

*Letter also signed by T/4 Elmer Johnston, T/3 Evans, T/3 Johnson, T/5 L. H. Zimmerman, Pfc. Morris Rubenstein and Pvt. Paul Sears.

Dear YANK:

Your proposed mail regulations as printed in YANK are okay except for one thing—that damn V-Mail. When we get a letter over here we want to have a letter to read, not "Dear Joe: Hello, good-bye, Bill," which is practically all that can be written and still be legible. And don't throw the speed angle at me. V-Mail averages 32 days in transit. Gotta close now—no more space.

New Caledonia —**Cpl. J. F. NELLIGAN**



New Caledonia —**Pvt. M. G. MANDEL**

Dear YANK:

Tell the guys bemoaning the fact that V-Mail is too small, they can write 20 forms if they want to. So the forms can be read in consecutive order, they should be numbered from 1 to 20.

—**Sgt. WILLIAM ANDERSON**

Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Dear YANK:

I have just read Pfc. Leon Muller's letter praising Army cooks [in a May issue of YANK]. As a rule most of them try to keep themselves clean but at this field it's different. I know this won't be put in YANK but I figured I might just as well get it off my chest. The cooks in our mess hall are the sloppiest, dirtiest bunch I've ever seen. They change their clothes once every two weeks and by then it's impossible to tell whether or not their uniforms were ever white. They lie all over things, sit on the coal box and on the ground. It burns me up to see such filth. The trays and silverware are dirty, and it is doubtful if they ever heard of cleaning them with sand soap once a week. This is not an ordinary gripe but a true fact. I've been in eight different fields and this is by far the worst.

—**Sgt. ANDREW MARKWAY**

Truax Field, Wis.

Dear YANK:

I understand that the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars will open their doors to us at the end of the war. This is no reflection on their good work in the past, but I believe our problems will be changed from those of the veterans of 1918 and could be dealt with better by an organization of our own making. Our unity will be lost if we are scattered among the many posts of veterans' organizations, and our voice will be weakened in the settlement of post-war problems. It may be too soon to take action but not too soon to think about our own organization.

—**Pfc. TOM MULROY**

New Caledonia

Dear YANK:

This is in answer to T/5 John C. Skeen's letter [in a May issue of YANK] which boasts about the marching ability of the Pack Artillery. He may not know it but the 506th Parachute Infantry has just beaten the Japanese record by marching 120 miles from Toccoa, Ga., to Atlanta in 72 hours. We carried light machine guns, mortars, packs, rifles, mess equipment and other articles too light to mention. Ask John if he carried his mule.

—**S/Sgt. GEORGE E. ROLLER**

Camp Toccoa, Ga.

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BOOKS IN WARTIME

ME AND THE ARMY

By Cpl. Richard Gaige

A running commentary of a soldier's first three weeks in the Army, told in full-page drawings and brief text by Cpl. Richard Gaige of YANK's staff. One of the few books on rookie life that doesn't try to be funny and that doesn't strain to create a GI flavor, "Me and the Army" will appeal mostly to guys sweating out their greetings and to the folks back home. Gaige's khaki-and-white drawings give fresh meaning to the time-worn scenes of life in an induction camp. [American Artists Group.]

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

By Guy Gilpatric

"Action in the North Atlantic," its jacket blurb declares, is "guaranteed to keep you rooted to your chair with suspense." And guys who read the book will discover it comes pretty close to doing exactly that. A gripping factual account of how Capt. Dave Elder and his hard-boiled crew of U. S. merchant marines and Navy gunners get their freighter from Hoboken to Murmansk in spite of U-boats, Focke-Wulfs, fogs and tornadoes. [E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.]

MOSCOW DATELINE

By Henry C. Cassidy

On June 22, 1941, the day Hitler smashed into Russia, Henry C. Cassidy, Moscow correspondent of Associated Press, was sun-bathing on the shores of the Black Sea. As his train rolled through the Russian provinces on the way back to the Soviet capital, Cassidy saw the Russians mobilize for war. When he got back to Moscow he listened to the "experts" predict that the Red Army would fold up in three months at the most, and then wired home: "My impression was that the Soviets got off to a smooth start." Cassidy is one of the few American reporters on international affairs who sticks to being a reporter. And that is why his review of two years of war in Russia is one of the clearest and most objective so far. [Houghton Mifflin Co.]

THE ARABS

By Philip K. Hitti

Before our invasion of North Africa last November, American soldiers were issued a *Pocket Guide to North Africa*, instructing them on how to conduct themselves among the native Arabs. Dr. Hitti's short, compact history of the Arabs is a natural follow-up to that booklet. "The Arabs" is split up into broad subjects which show the separate developments that marked the rise and fall of the Arab race. GIs who are looking for light reading about sheiks and harems will be disappointed, but those who are interested in a better understanding of a people whose scholars were reading Aristotle when our ancestors were learning to write their own names will find the book fascinating. [Princeton University Press.]

MEN AT WAR

Edited by Ernest Hemingway

AMATEURS AT WAR

Edited by Ben Ames Williams

The Hemingway collection [Crown Publishers], with a brief introduction by the editor, contains 1,072 pages of literary blood and thunder from Joshua's Conquest of Jericho to the Battle of Midway. With a few exceptions, the stories are done by professional writers. The Williams collection [Houghton Mifflin Co.] is about one-half the size of "Men at War" and is limited to accounts from battlefields written by American soldiers from buck privates to generals. Some of the best of Williams' stories were dug up from both sides of the Civil War, thus giving GI rebels and damyankees a chance to fight the war all over again.

Susan Peters

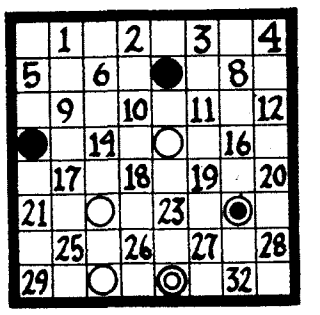
When the girl at the left decided against being a doctor, the medical profession lost a beauty—and YANK's pin-up page gained one. We think she'll do more good for mankind here. Susan's next movie for MGM is "Russia."

COMPANY STREET

BROTHERS. Marine brothers Pfc. Homer and Pvt. Cliff Ashley were fighting on **Guadalcanal** last January when a Jap machine-gun bullet hit Cliff. So brother Homer made a dash for the woods where the fire came from, grabbed the machine gun from the Jap and killed him. Then he returned to carry his kid brother back to camp. . . . Pvt. Sam Buchieri, **Aberdeen** (Md.) **Proving Ground,** was checking over a captured Italian truck when he spotted some soldiers' names on it. Among the autographs was one of his brother, Cpl. Pat Buchieri, serving in North Africa. . . . S/Sgts. George and Edwin Tammen, identical twins, enlisted together in the Air Forces, graduated **Las Vegas** (Nev.) **Gunnery School** together and are now aerial gunners with a bombardment group in the Middle East. . . . At **Wendover Field,** Utah, are brothers S/Sgts. Alec and Bill Hurley. They enlisted the same day, were shipped to McPherson Field, Ga., at the same time, then to Keesler Field, Miss., and are now in the same outfit at Wendover. . . . Pvt. Sol Lianza, **Camp Maxey,** Tex., born in Brazil but inducted in Brooklyn, N. Y., reports there are 10 sets of twins in his family—19 brothers and one sister—and that 13 of his brothers are Brazilian soldiers and six are American GIs.

JOBS. When Pvt. Tommy Stern, **Fort Dix,** N. J., was publisher of the Camden (N. J.) *Courier-Journal,* he wondered why the circulation of his paper didn't increase because of the thousands of soldiers at near-by Camp Dix. Now he knows. At the end of his first day at camp somebody brought Stern a copy of his paper. "No thanks," said Stern, and plopped into bed. . . . Pvt. Herb Cook, **Atlantic City,** (N. J.) **Air Training Center,** has a job that suits his talents. He used to plan crazy gags for Coney Island fun houses. Now he's thinking up booby traps for the Army's camouflage experts. . . . After Cpl. Don Freeman, **Nashville** (Tenn.) **Army Training Center,** passed out while looking at a personal hygiene movie, doctors investigated his past to learn the reason for his squeamishness. They found he used to be an embalmer. . . . On the record of Pvt. Warren Walton, **New Cumberland** (Pa.) **Army Reception Center,** are listed the following past occupations: Private in the National Guard, civilian employee of the Navy, seaman in the Coast Guard, sergeant in the Army, first-class seaman in the Merchant Marine. . . . For two years barber Hamlet Falcone scalped GIs at **Bryan Army Air Base,** Tex. As Pvt. Falcone, he got his own first GI haircut.

CHECKER STRATEGY



WHAT good is a checker ahead if your opponent is about to steal one back? As in this position, where the White piece on 15 is under imminent danger of being captured by the Black king.

The answer to that is: Often you can improve your position during the time your opponent is engaged in grabbing off that checker. In this situation, White can move and win *while* giving up the man on 15. How?

Before checking your analysis of the problem with the solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

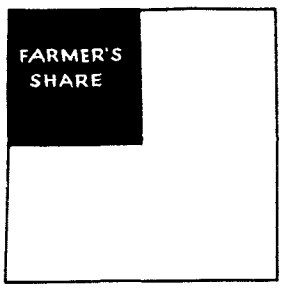
DIVVY UP !

HAVE you an eye for geometry? Try this problem.

A farmer decided to divide his square piece of farm land among his four sons and himself. He began by marking off one-fourth of the farm for himself, as shown in the diagram.

Now the problem: How can the remainder be divided into four equal sections—equal in size and equal in shape?

(Solution on page 22.)



CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SERIAL NO. _____

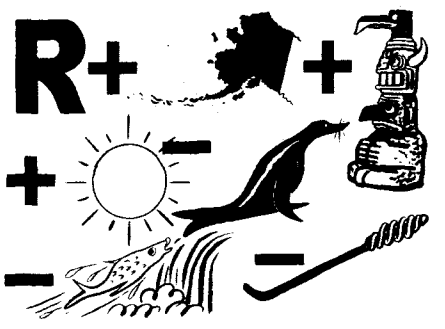
OLD MILITARY ADDRESS _____

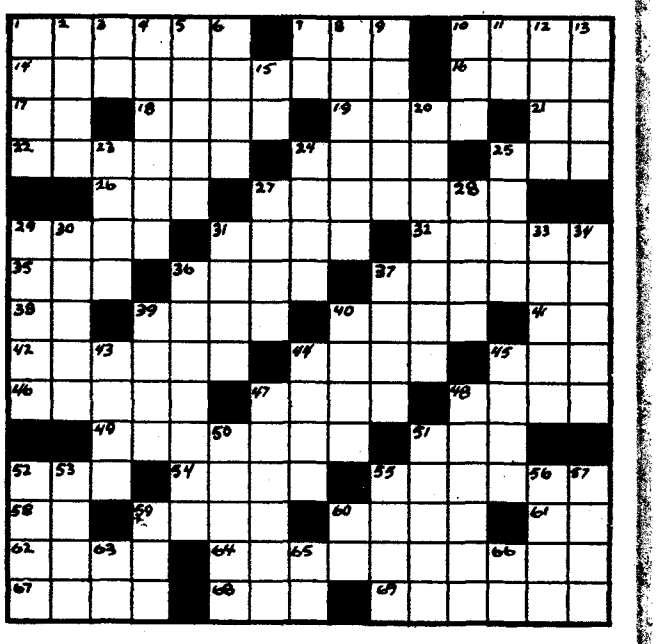
NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

DOUBLE PUZZLE

Solve the Picture Puzzle by adding or subtracting the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of an important island in the North Pacific. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 45 down. Then solve the rest of it.

(Solution on page 22)





ACROSS

1. Strictly on the QT
7. Basic standard
10. This is cut and dried
14. Rub the wrong way
16. Business end of a razor
17. Latrine Duty (abbr.)
18. What to do with a bobtailed straight
19. Girl's name
21. Middle name
22. Spotted
24. Mirth
25. One who (suffix)
26. Decay
27. Opposite of windward
29. Owned by arrogant guys
31. Italian coin
32. Staggers
35. Uncooked
36. Evil fate
37. Flashy stuff
38. The man with the Brown Derby
39. Variant of *eon*
40. Undersized guy
41. American Eag (abbr.)
42. Broken-in boot
44. Ladder step
45. Peer Gynt's mother
46. Chemical compound
47. Girl's name
48. Repeated tease
49. Kind of baseball hit (2 words)
51. Drunkard
52. Weasel talk
54. Identical
55. Ceremony
58. Printer's measure
59. Diminutive suffix
60. Peel spuds
61. Half a cent
62. Kind of admiral
64. Battle
67. Hard-punching Ally
68. Pink Elephant parade
69. Follows

DOWN

1. Female battleground
2. Finishes
3. Civilian Training (abbr.)
4. Walkie-talkies
5. Kind of bird
6. Frog's cousin
7. 3.1416
8. Flower
9. Begin again
10. What sailors see
11. Civilian Defense (abbr.)
12. Grows old
13. For the weary
15. Compass point
20. Approaching
23. Part of a ship
24. Little tough guy
25. — of March
27. Jungle king
28. Lease
29. Rub out
30. Wind storms
31. Bird
33. Smallest
34. Rain and snow
36. Opening of sugar report
37. Game fish
39. So be it
40. Regulation
43. On top of
44. American beauty
45. (Solve picture puzzle)
47. Bewail
48. Kind of pole, shown in puzzle picture above (plural)
50. Held-in breath
51. Air-raid warning
52. South American country
53. Individuals
55. Violent anger
56. Skin eruption
57. Permits
59. Transgress
60. Dad
63. Like
65. General staff (abbr.)
66. Good (prefix)

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Nomenclature of the PACKAGE, APO

By Cpl. JAMES O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PERSIAN GULF—Now that the Army Postal Service has restored the soldier's privilege of getting packages from home, we would like to commend the APS for putting in the clause which says the soldier must ask for a package in order to get it.

This requirement that soldiers must ask for packages is not, as some believe, an effort to limit the number of packages. It springs from the demands of soldiers that they be protected against the parcel-post system. Reports might show that the first AEF in Ireland as long as a year ago was actually sabotaging incoming box-laden boats by purposely *not* claiming title to the merchandise at time of delivery.

This practice spread until thousands of boxes lay purposely unclaimed on wharves all over the combatant world, and the Army Postal Service probably conducted an investigation to discover why. The APS no doubt discovered the reason: no soldier would claim a package because (a) he knew what was in it, (b) he had had enough of what was in it or (c) even his worst enemy and first sergeant had had enough of what was in it.

From now on we get an even break with the people who make up packages. We get to tell them what to put in.

Up to this time there have been only four variations of the box-sending theme.

Let us discuss them, now that they are a thing of the past:

TYPE A—THE GOODIE BOX. Invariably consisted of one of two items—candy or home-made cookies. There were two choices open to the unfortunate recipient of home-made cookies. He could, if still in love and his sweetheart sent them, try to eat the cookies. This lovelorn type cabled home the next day for a new upper plate and a stomach pump. If the guy wasn't in love or just didn't give a damn, he took the sensible course of donating love's handiwork to the Engineers for road markers or dummy land mines.

TYPE B—GOOEY-YUM-YUM KANDY KIT. En route the kit was placed by considerate stevedores between the engine-room boilers and a shipment of Grant tanks. When the soldier received it, he could use the mashed-up goo for pasting French postcards or YANK pin-ups on his barracks wall. Or, if he had a little goat's blood in him, he might start right in eating Gooey-Yum-Yum's wrappings, partitions, string, APO number and all.

Suppose the sender was the thoughtful type and sent hard candy that stayed hard. Tell me who in hell is going to sacrifice his native-likker-weakened molars on a job a couple of Grant tanks couldn't do? The ingenious AAF is said to be using these dextrose blockbusters over Berlin, the only practical use so far discovered.

TYPE C—THE KNIT-ONE-AND-PURL-ONE BOX. The sort of box that caused the recent high female death rate by accidental self-stabbing. It contained The Knitted Glove or The Knitted Pullover Sweater. Already enough has been said on this gruesome subject in newspaper editorials, syndicated columns, joke books and returned packages marked "Wrong Address."

TYPE D—THE ODDS-AND-ENDS BOX. This always fell into one of the following subdivisions:

No soldier would claim a package. Even his first sergeant had enough of what was in it.

1. The Sewing Kit. This was the 1,442d one the helpless GI received. Despite all the Boy Scout and Sewing Kit Concession propaganda, the average GI doesn't know how to sew. Even if he did, Whistler's Mother couldn't darn the craters he plows through a sock. Upon receipt of the sewing kit, the soldier carefully took out the needles to pin up that picture of Jane Russell and threw the rest away.

2. The Compact Shaving Kit. This monster was delivered by a detail of 10 and, when opened, resembled a surgeon's operating room, complete with X-ray equipment. It so scared the dogface he refused to shave with anything for a month.

If the girl was a looker, she had her picture taken with a guy clutching a $1,000 war-industry check "just to make you feel a teeny-weeny bit jealous."

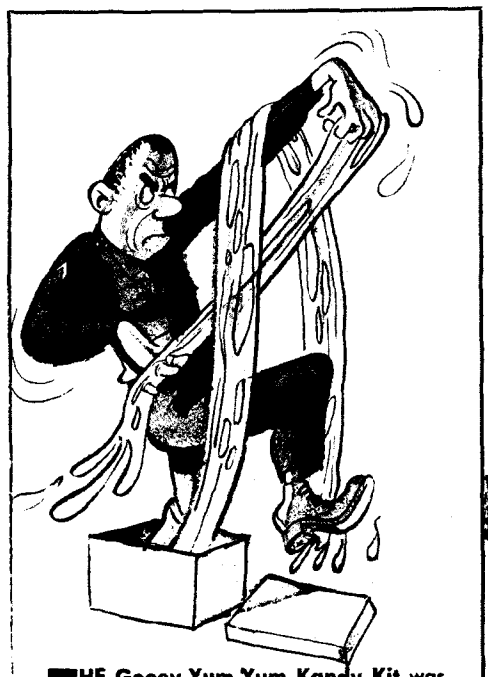
3. The Cigarette Lighter. It didn't work, but there was plenty of fluid at the PX. It did work, but there was not a drop of fluid at the PX. Or no PX.

4. The Photograph. Usually sent by that much-maligned creature, the Girl Back Home, who, unless she was straight out of *Vogue*, included an original little note, "Put this in the mess hall to scare the rats away." It could do the job very well. If the girl was a looker, she had had the picture taken with one of the boys back home "just to make you feel a teeny-weeny bit jealous." The guy looked like Cary Grant and was either sporting a pair of oak leaves or clutching a $1,000 war-industry check in one hand.

5. The Canned Tidbit. Usually tied in a maze of fancy ribbon, this was something the dogface hopefully ripped open with anxious hands only to discover a can of Spam. (Last week the mess sergeant was clubbed to death with empty cans that had contained this ersatz chicken.)

NOW that us soldiers overseas are allowed to select the contents of our packages from home, here are four types of gift boxes that we would like to receive:

A—One Lana Turner and one case of Scotch.
B—One Dinah Shore and one case of Scotch.
C—One Rita Hayworth and one case of Scotch.
D—One Scotch and one case of Jane Russells.



THE Gooey-Yum-Yum Kandy Kit was placed by considerate stevedores between the engine-room boilers and a shipment of Grant tanks. If the soldier had a little goat's blood, he might start eating Gooey Yum-Yum's wrapping, partitions, string, APO number and all.

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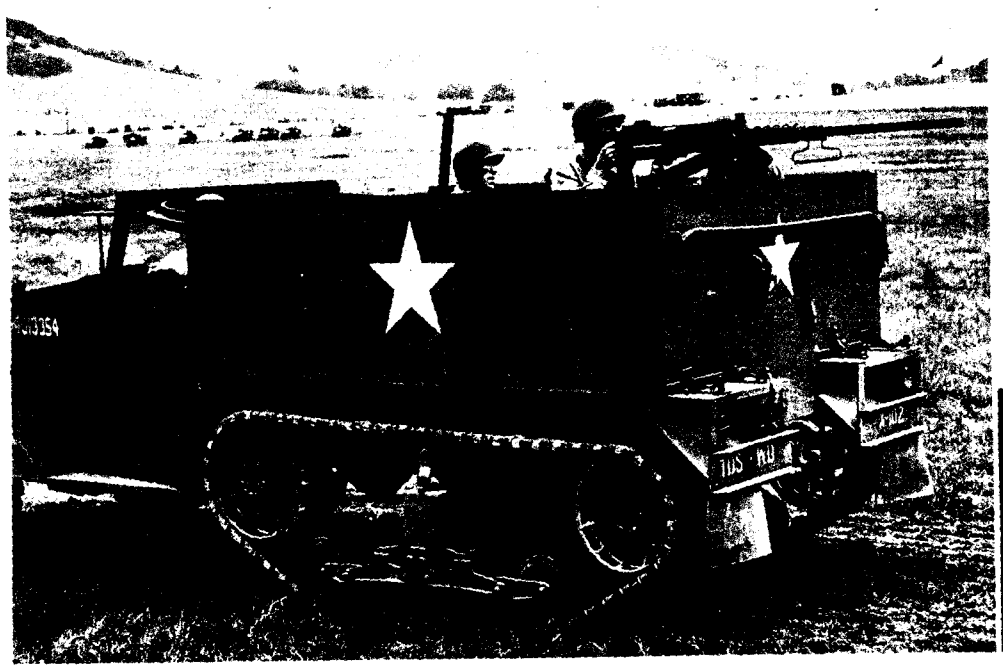

1. Esposito, Gartner, Redovich and Crawford are shown at firing position in their half-track as it rolls to a stop on simulated battlefield before they start racing against time to set up their 50-caliber gun on the ground.

2. Redovich holds the heavy tripod high on his chest as he leaps from the half-track while Crawford and Esposito carry the gun and ammunition. It took them 30 seconds before they figured time-saving movements.

Camp Hood Gun Crew Claims Speed Record

A CRACK demonstration gun crew at the Tank Destroyer School, Camp Hood, Tex. —S/Sgt. Carl Esposito of Kingston, N. Y., Cpl. John M. Gartner of Farrell, Pa., T-5 Joseph Redovich of Akron, Ohio, and Pfc. Merlyn Crawford of Deposit, N. Y.—claims the world's record for dismounting a 50-caliber machine gun from a half-track and setting it up on the ground in firing position. They have been clocked in 6 4/5 seconds from the moment the half-track's brakes shrieked to a stop until the bullets were streaming from the gun on the ground. They started working for the record when they saw a magazine article showing a squad setting up a gun in 12 seconds. It took them 30 seconds when they first tried it, but gradually they cut the time down to 20 seconds and then 8 seconds before setting their record.

3. The Tank Destroyer School crew swings the machine gun into action again from the new position on the ground while the half-track moves away into concealed cover. The total time required for shifting the gun and setting it up for firing: 6 4/5 seconds.

What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:
I have heard that the Army is training dogs for military service. I have a dog at home which I'm sure would like to enlist. What is the correct procedure? He is a police dog type, stands about 18 inches and weighs 35 pounds. He is good-natured and obeys commands instantly. There are several dog owners here who would like this information.

—Cpl. A. L. HANSON

Childress, Tex.

■ Sorry, but your dog is unfit for military service. He's the right breed, but he'd never pass the physical. To join the K-9 Corps, a dog must be 20 inches at the shoulder and weigh over 50 pounds. Pure breeding isn't required, but the dog must be under 6 years and have a fearless disposition.

Your friends should write to *Dogs for Defense Inc.*, 22 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y., which is sole procurement agency for the supply of war dogs to the armed forces. They will receive an application form which must be filled out and returned. If the owner is notified his dog is 1-A, he will be asked to report to the organization's nearest branch office. If the soldier is too far from home to deliver the dog himself, the Army will pay for the shipment by crate.

Dear YANK:
Does service in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps count toward longevity pay? If it does, will the fact I'm in the Navy disqualify my claim? I served three years in the AER before I joined the Navy.

—J. W. THOMPSON SC3c

Lewes, Del.

■ Yes, you can draw longevity pay for service in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps. The fact you are in the Navy doesn't affect your claim. Longevity is paid for service in all the reserve components. The only exception is the Regular Army Reserve, inactive.

Dear YANK:
In civilian life my brother and I supported our parents. Now that we're both in the Army, they need our support more than ever. Last week we applied for Class B family allotments but were told by the clerk at headquarters this couldn't be done. He said only one member of the family could make an allotment. Is that true? Our parents are too old to work, and one allotment will never take care of both of them.

—Sgt. RALPH BEKINS

Camp Roberts, Calif.

■ Your parents can receive an allowance from both of you, providing it can be shown both of you contributed a substantial portion of their support in the past. Tell the clerk your parents are Class B dependents and as such are entitled to a monthly allowance of $74. Both of you can take out allotments for $37.

Dear YANK:
I am interested in knowing if a soldier who receives a discharge is allowed to wear insignia when he returns to civilian life to show he has served in the Army.

—Pvt. RALPH H. WEISS

McCloskey Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex.

■ Provided a soldier was honorably discharged, he's entitled to wear a service pin on his civvies. This pin has an American eagle with wings outstretched, mounted on a circle. An ex-dogface may obtain one by writing to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

Dear YANK:
Can a sailor get a discharge from the Navy if he's over 38? I read in YANK that soldiers of this age are being released from active service to work in industry and agriculture. My CO said this didn't apply to men in the Navy. He must be wrong. If a soldier can get a discharge, I'm sure I can.

—J. C. BURNS S2c

USNTS, Sampson, N. Y.

■ Your CO is right. Men over 38 are not released from the Navy. They enlisted voluntarily, and in the eyes of the Navy, this meant they intended to stay in for the duration. Also the Navy made it a point not to accept men for enlistment who were employed in essential industry.

Dear YANK:
The Army is giving me an honorable discharge, and I want to know if I can wear my uniform when I'm a civilian. When I joined the Army my wife gave away most of my clothes, and I won't have anything to wear for a while when I go home.

—Pvt. WILLIAM BASSETT

Camp Crowder, Mo.

■ You may wear your uniform three months after the date of your discharge. If you haven't bought any civilian clothes by then, take the buttons and insignia off and you may wear your uniform as long as you like.

Dear YANK:
I have been told that troops stationed in Hawaii during the Battle of Midway are authorized to wear a bronze star on their service ribbons. I would like to know if this is true as I was on a small Hawaiian island during the battle.

—2d Lt. S. T. VITOLO

Kellogg Field, Mich.

■ Sorry, but this is wrong. The only star on a service ribbon authorized by the Army is for service in the Philippines after Dec. 7, 1941, and until a date to be announced later. It is worn on the Asiatic-Pacific Theater ribbon.

[For information about Navy stars on ribbons, see page 11.]

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News From Home

WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR OWN HOME STATE

ALABAMA

Legislation was introduced in the House prohibiting the marriage of a white person to a Japanese. The Pizitz store in Birmingham offered a $1,000 War Bond for the nearest guess as to when the war with Germany will end; each chance cost the guesser a $25 War Bond. A blood-plasma bank was established at St. Margaret's Hospital, Montgomery. Ralph Chandler, publisher of the Mobile *Press-Register*, faced contempt charges because of an editorial accusing Judge Touart of leniency with a defendant in race disturbances at the Alabama Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Co. in placing him under peace bond.

ARIZONA

Plans for a cooperative to be operated by Japs interned at the Rivers War Relocation Center was rejected by the State Corporation Commission. Dr. Jeremiah Metzger said Tucson was short 400 hospital beds and needed a new hospital. Automobile registration for the first four months of 1943 was 6,199 below the corresponding period last year. A public library was opened at Chandler High School. Douglas and Agua Pietra (Mexico) Rotary Clubs planned a joint Fourth of July celebration.

CALIFORNIA

Gov. Warren signed a bill barring the Communist Party from primary elections. A 37-million-dollar housing program for 10,000 war workers in the Los Angeles area was approved. At Placerville, the Camino Truck Service Building, two warehouses and a drive-in market were destroyed in a $75,000 fire. Died at Los Gatos: Maj. William A. Ingram, USMC, former Annapolis Naval Academy and UC coach, at 46. The ODT announced it would operate the Municipal and Market Street Railways in San Francisco as a unified system. Bing Crosby's million-dollar Del Mar race track was to be turned into an airplane-parts manufacturing plant. Mrs. Nelly Beckman was the first San Diego woman to answer the call for 40 women to deliver mail. At Los Angeles, Tom Daniels resigned as deputy sheriff to raise alfalfa.

Miss Vera Anderson, who won the award in a contest for the champion woman welder in the country, is congratulated by her chief rival, Mrs. Hermina Strmiska, at Ingalls Shipyards, Pascagoula, Miss.

COLORADO

Denver's first surprise black-out was delayed 20 minutes until the key to the master siren could be found. The Colorado Springs courthouse clock stopped and won't run again until after the war, when a cable replacement can be made. At San Luis, three young boys hiding in a trunk while at play suffocated after the lid snapped tight. The Colorado Stockgrowers and Feeders Association opposed an OPA proposal to roll back meat prices by paying subsidies. Denver's second Army hospital was activated.

THE DAKOTAS

North Dakota. A coyote believed responsible for killing thousands of lambs in the last four years was killed by U. S. District Agent Ham on the outskirts of Bismarck. Roy A. Holand was named chairman of the LaMoura County rationing board. At Walhalla, fire destroyed Leo Gauthier's potato warehouse and 5,000 bushels of seed potatoes. Ed Krauss was elected commander of the Fargo Chapter of Disabled American Veterans. **South Dakota.** Yankton dedicated the first government-approved grain-alcohol plant of its kind in the Midwest. Vern Tobin of Montrose was ill, so neighbors with 11 tractors plowed and harrowed 100 acres on his farm in one day. Drilling for gas started at Whitlocks Crossing. A tornado wrecked farm buildings near Ellis.

GEORGIA

It now takes two weeks to get clean clothes back from laundries in Atlanta. A state-wide drive was started for 3,000 typewriters for Army and Navy use. State soy-bean acreage was the largest ever, tomato production about 100,000 bushels less than last year's. H. S. Cohen, banker and president of Moultrie's Sports Shirt Society for the prevention of heat exhaustion and promotion of summer good will, proclaimed the opening of the society's second season. A temporary injunction halted Valdosta's plan to buy electrical facilities in its area from the Georgia Power & Light Co. Actor and singer Paul Robeson was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree by Morehouse College in Atlanta, the first Negro institution so to honor him.

IDAHO

During April and May, 19,300 persons bought fish and game licenses, a record number for a two months' period. The cherry crop was larger than last year but frost killed a large percentage of prunes and apricots. Albert G. Jones, 96-year-old Emmett resident, held a one-man GAR convention. A campaign against rats was waged in Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Grangeville by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. George Green, director of athletics at the University of Idaho, accepted a Navy commission, and James (Babe) Brown became acting athletic director. Waacs arrived at Gowen Field, Bowie.

ILLINOIS

The State Planning Commission proposed a 460-million-dollar post-war construction program including 25 airports, highways and public buildings. Miss Alice Wheelock, a teacher in Moline schools for 49 years, retired. The Chicago Municipal Court ruled that landlords cannot refuse to accept tenants with children. Farm-land prices were on the upswing as they were during the 1918 land boom. Lt. Eleanor Dowd, ANC, sent a package of butter and cheese to her Quincy home after reading in New Zealand about the U. S. food shortage. Lack of pinsetters may close many Chicago bowling alleys. Cambridge, the Henry County seat, was 100 years old.

INDIANA

Kokomo cops sifted thousands of nickels to find a $5 gold piece which Mrs. W. L. Gunther had slipped into a parking meter by mistake. Mission Inn, one of Brazil's oldest restaurants, closed because it ran out of ration points. Robert Grubbs, Dearborn County sheriff, accidentally shot and killed himself with his riot gun while on a man hunt at Lawrenceburg. A 55-mile-an-hour gale did $150,000 damage to La Porte, Valparaiso and Elkhart. The State Board of Health is campaigning against malaria-bearing mosquitoes which have increased since recent floods. Indiana motorists will relinquish their front license plates for conversion to 1944 plates. His automobile license revoked for drunk driving, Theodore Applegate, Kokomo farmer, took to driving his tractor to town and was fined $75 for speeding on it around the public square; now he is named in a complaint by five neighbors accusing him of continued reckless driving of his tractor.

IOWA

Sioux City's Mayor Loepp ordered flags flown at half-staff each Monday until noon in honor of servicemen who died the preceding week. Des Moines war industries needed 4,000 new workers by Aug. 1. Only 51 men were among the 1,234 students enrolled for the summer session at Iowa State Teachers College. Story County conducted a house-to-house canvass to meet an acute farm-labor shortage. Creeks overflowed in Johnson, Pottawattamie and Shelby Counties, causing loss of livestock and property damage. Jess Green of Humboldt hooked a 43-pound Missouri flathead from the Des Moines River near Rutland.

LOUISIANA

At New Orleans, alligator steak sold for 20 cents a pound; William G. Zetzmann was awarded the *Times-Picayune* loving cup for outstanding public service last year. Louisiana synthetic-rubber plants are producing 75,000 long tons annually or one-eighth of the country's peacetime needs. Miss Jane Shropshire, 21, of Petrolia, Tex., was arrested in New Orleans on charges of dressing and posing as a flyer in the U. S. Ferry Command. State Supt. of Education Coxe urged school teachers to keep their positions rather than take better-paying jobs in industry.

MAINE

State Police Chief Weaver resigned to accept an Army commission. At Thomaston, Henry Sheffield was fined $10 for horseback riding while drunk. Bath's labor shortage was so bad that two bank cashiers were seen scrubbing floors after hours. More than 200 college women have volunteered to help harvest Maine crops. John W. Abbott became principal of Boothbay Harbor High School. Postmaster Lebel of Brunswick was inducted. Portland received its first banana shipment in months. Old Town High won the Maine Interscholastic Track Meet at Waterville; Mattanawcook High of Lincoln took Class B honors.

MARYLAND

Harry Handleman, jailed for breaking into the Westminster *Times* office, escaped after locking Deputy Sheriff Cromer and Sheriff Conoway's wife in a cell, then was captured next day when a state cop recognized a coat Handleman was wearing as the sheriff's. Hilltop Theater and the Ramsay Street Players in Baltimore were to feature all-girl casts. The *Mountain Democrat*, Garrett County weekly, suspended for the duration. Hamilton R. Atkinson was appointed police commissioner of Baltimore by Gov. O'Conor. Allegany County floods made an island of Dingle Circle and filled cellars in Cumberland homes.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston's Police Commissioner Timilty and six other high police officials charged with conspiracy to permit gambling were freed by Judge Donnelly in Superior Court. Employees of the Bethlehem-Hingham Shipyard raised an $8,000 trust fund for the family of a fellow worker, John Griffin of Milton, who died in the Boston Cocoanut Grove night-club fire. Fall River donated four bridges of the discontinued Consolidated Line and 3,521 tons of streetcar rails to the scrap drive. His five children watched Patrolman Samuel J. Boudreau, 32, receive his diploma at the Athol High School graduation. Hugh E. Adams, Greenfield court clerk for 22 years, retired. Saturday night dances at the West Springfield "Y" ended because the orchestra was drafted. Boston bootblacks asked 15 cents for Sunday shines to meet rising costs of ice cream, pop and double features.

MICHIGAN

With Ionia restaurants closed, unmarried teachers were cooking their Sunday dinners in the school cafeteria. The Benton Harbor-St. Joseph area was without rail service for two days after a cloudburst and flood. A group of Pontiac citizens sought to establish a clinic to treat habitual drunks. At Detroit, Health Commissioner Douglas said the city faces the most serious malaria threat in years. Seventy Lawton High School students were working in asparagus fields from 7 to 10 each morning. At St. Johns, ex-convict Buddy Curtis got 15 to 25 years for rape during a black-out at Ovid.

MISSOURI

Missouri's first Constitutional Convention in 20 years will open Sept. 21. St. Louis and St. Louis County won the privilege of naming 25 new Flying Fortresses by their War Bond sales record. Allen McReynolds of Carthage was boomed as Democratic candidate for governor. At St. Louis, bodies were stored in the mausoleum of Calvary

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Cemetery after 49 gravediggers struck for a wage increase of $1 a day; the Kennard Carpet Co. closed its store for the duration; the 25th season of the Municipal Opera opened with a performance of "Balalaika."

MONTANA

Teen-age Montana boys were hired to fight blister rust in the Idaho panhandle. Northwestern Montanans were alarmed by the government's plan to buy their farm lands for flooding purposes to raise the level of Flathead Lake 17 feet and thus provide more power for Pacific Northwest industries. Some 1,200 Anaconda residents registered for liquor rationing. The Very Rev. William P. Joyce, pastor of Butte's Sacred Heart parish, was appointed dean of the Butte conference. Died at Anaconda: C. Emery Kell, 72, fire chief at the Anaconda Reduction Works.

NEVADA

An all-feminine ground crew serviced a plane used for cricket-control work in the Plumas National Forest. Fernley ranchers and businessmen voted against the importation of any more Japanese into Fernley Valley and planned to remove those already there as soon as possible. Bids were asked for the construction of a reinforced concrete bridge over the North Fork, 15 miles east of Elko. Reno and Sparks High School boys left for California to work on fire and blister-rust control gangs in national forests. The Nevada Traveling Salesman's Association was organized to handle travel problems. Verdi had a new fire and air-raid siren.

NEW JERSEY

At Trenton, Gov. Edison presented a $10,000 War Bond as a gift of New Jersey residents, to Capt. Holden, CO of the new *USS New Jersey*, its proceeds to be used after the war to fill out the silver service of the old battleship *New Jersey*, which was in commission from 1906 to 1923. Police searched Rahway Parkway Reservation for a monkey which had bitten three persons after escaping from Herbert Carlson's home in Winfield Township. At Newark, elephants of Gilbert Bros. Circus, en route from town, bolted after a boy told his dog to "sic 'em." Trenton set a 10 P.M. curfew for children under 16. Two hundred Hudson County butcher shops started closing Mondays. Princeton University bought the home of its oldest living alumnus, Dr. William H. Vail, 97, of Newark to end an eviction threat he faced.

NEW YORK

In Brooklyn, the stork wouldn't wait so Mrs. William Schneider bore a 7-pound daughter in a laundry truck en route to Beth-El Hospital. Curtailed transportation cut attendance at Jones Beach on a recent Sunday to 5,000; parking lots were empty except for 715 bicycles. In New York City, the Seventh Avenue bus line was eliminated and Sunday bus service on Broadway and Lexington, Madison, Sixth and Eighth Avenues was discontinued to save gas. Worshippers, believing an air-raid alert was in progress, ran from Manhattan's St. Brigid's Catholic Church after a man dressed as an air-raid warden entered, blew his whistle twice and shouted, "This is a one-way street"; the man was later apprehended and taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation. At Oswego, oxen and horses replaced motor-powered floats for the United Nations Flag Day parade.

NORTH CAROLINA

The old Phifer house in Charlotte, the last place Confederate President Davis held a cabinet meeting, was torn down after being found unsafe. A flip of a coin elected E. E. White over J. L. Potter as mayor of Black Mountain; each had polled 202 votes in the municipal election. At Rockingham, Marvin Norton got a 30-year prison term and his wife 5 to 7 years for the shotgun slaying of T. J. Flake, beer-parlor operator. A $40,000 fire swept the industrial section of Troy. Philip Woolcott of Asheville was elected president of the North Carolina Bankers Association. Died: A. V. West, former mayor of Mount Airy.

OHIO

Youngstown was made the see city of a new Catholic diocese comprising Ashtabula, Trumbull, Mahoning, Columbiana, Portage and Stark Counties, with the Most. Rev. James A. McFadden as bishop. Cleveland laundries limited clients to three shirts weekly because of the shortage of manpower and equipment. Buckeye farmers were offered 175 state-owned tractors with trained operators to expedite the long-delayed spring plowing and harrowing. A basket of 22 nonpoisonous snakes turned loose in the Delta Gamma sorority house climaxed a feud among Ohio State sororities at Columbus. Judge Ryan ordered the reinstatement of Lockland's Police Chief Stewart. Cincinnati allowed women to take exams for park-police jobs for the first time.

OKLAHOMA

J. D. Layne chased a wild oppossum down Tulsa's Main Street and captured it. The State Bar Association reported 850 of the state's 3,000 lawyers in the armed forces. After rescuing families from flood waters for a week, Highway Patrolman James Costner returned to his Okmulgee home to find five feet of water in the cellar. In May state-highway fatalities numbered 16 as compared with 35 for the same month last year. Quay Franklin, whose luxurious home in Osage County was blown up two years ago, lost a $57,000 damage suit against the Skelly Oil Co. in federal court, Tulsa. The Army took over the University of Oklahoma Medical School.

OREGON

Oregon shipyards launched and delivered 17 ships from 11 ways to lead the nation in production per shipway during May. More than half of the 800 inmates of Oregon State Penitentiary have donated blood to the armed forces. Drinkers in Washington and Oregon had their liquor ration cut to one pint of gin or whisky a week. Shirley Howard, 17-year-old Commerce High School student, was princess of the streamlined Portland Rose Festival. A survey showed that Portland's average per capita income was $1,713, almost twice the national average. Oregon hens laid 56 million eggs in one month for a state record.

PENNSYLVANIA

The state will take 80 percent of the 20-million-dollar Garrett snuff fortune in taxes. At Mckeesport, the City Council fired Police Chief Gray. Mrs. Stella Barnett and her son Harry graduated together from Lower Chanceford High School in York; she returned to their farm and he was inducted into the Army. At Pittsburgh, Mayor Scully's gasoline-ration books were suspended after he was found guilty of taking a 350-mile "victory gardening" trip to his West Virginia farm. The Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines announced discontinuance of week-end service via the Delaware Bridge until Labor Day. Died at Chester: James McC. Hamilton, former postmaster. Miss Jean Richards of Westfield, N. J., became the first girl ever elected president of Bucknell University's Student-Faculty Congress.

TENNESSEE

The name of William Cates, Memphis native who died aboard the *USS San Francisco* while shooting down a Jap bomber, will be perpetuated with the christening of the destroyer *USS Cates* at Tampa, Fla., on July 4. Vanderbilt University at Nashville had a record enrollment of 1,835 the past year. The collapse of a Mississippi River dike near Boothspoint flooded 35,000 acres of corn and cotton land. Two ministers' groups and a citizens' committee opposed plans for taxi dance halls for servicemen in Memphis. The Nashville division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. claimed a world's aircraft-plant safety record.

TEXAS

An 11-million-dollar synthetic-rubber plant will open in Houston in August. Lindale white-collar workers took two half-holidays weekly to harvest the big strawberry crop. Freeport fishermen caught 500,000 pounds of shrimp in five days. State Guardsmen lessened the farm-labor shortage by helping with the cotton crop near Dallas. Three armed thugs beat two watchmen and looted Hubbard and Coolidge stores of money and narcotics. At Houston, 16-year-old Robert Woodward was left 10 million dollars by his grandparents who died in a train-automobile crash near Hondo. Because most Fort Worth women are engaged in war work, the annual women's golf tournament was canceled. Died: Mrs. Carrie Mathews, 65, one of the country's few remaining women blacksmiths, at Marshall; Mrs. Cynthia Draper, 105, at Pontotoc.

VERMONT

The State Selective Service Board considered allowing paroled state prisoners to join the armed forces. Gov. Wills appealed to Secretary of Agriculture Wickard for help in solving an acute shortage of dairy and poultry feed. Middlebury dedicated a servicemen's honor roll in the village park. The Burlington Rapid Transit and Vermont Transit Lines cut their service 20 percent to comply with ODT regulations. A WAAC Mothers Club was organized in Rutland. A course for airplane spotters was opened at Swanton. Elizabeth Flint of Washington, freshman at the Johnson Normal School, drowned in the Lamoille River during a school picnic. At Burlington, Mrs. Mary Gutchell, 80, offered her blood to the Vermont state blood-plasma bank.

WASHINGTON

Air-raid wardens and auxiliary policemen were given police powers by the Washington State War Council. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce warned that trees in Olympic National Park, needed to fill war orders, are decaying faster than they are growing. King County issued 96 marriage licenses in one day, a record. The State Patrol aided a drive against cattle rustlers.

The winnah! Alice Wallace, photographer's model, captured the big title of "California Sweater Girl for 1943" at Los Angeles. She won against the coast's loveliest, but it's easy to see why.

WEST VIRGINIA

Apple producers in Jefferson and Berkeley Counties organized a campaign to enlist 5,000 pickers. State police will move into their new headquarters at Elkins this month. Airline representatives approved the Coonskin Ridge site for Charleston's airport. The West Virginia Supreme Court reversed a $15,000 judgment won by Andy Swearingen, former Parkersburg city councilman, in his libel suit against the Parkersburg *Sentinel* and ordered a new trial.

WYOMING

Wyoming stockmen, contending that the creation of the Jackson Hole National Monument will deprive them of grazing rights, asked the removal of Secretary of Agriculture Ickes because he supported the move. Wyoming University booked five football games but may decide against maintaining the schedule. Lander planned a simpler rodeo this year because of wartime conditions. At Cheyenne, the Union Pacific set up ticket offices in the Majestic Building to relieve the jam at its station. Thurman Arnold, native of Laramie and Justice of the U. S. Court of Appeals, received an honorary LL.D. degree from Wyoming University.

These chemical cylinders, stacked at an Eastern arsenal of the U. S., are proof of President Roosevelt's recent warning that the United Nations wouldn't be caught napping by any Axis gas attacks.

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

John the Greek

It was a nice day and I said to myself that I'd go to town. I walked into Barracks 809 to see if Crossley was there. He was shooting craps.

"Winning?" I asked.

He didn't even look up. When that guy gets to shooting craps you could tell him the war was over and he wouldn't bat an eyelash.

"The hell with you," I said. "I'm going to town."

So I went to town. I went to John the Greek's and played the pinball machine for 20 minutes. Then Crossley came in. He nodded to John.

"Hello, John," he said. "Good news from the war, huh? What a day! Thirty cents I won at craps. And the Russians took another hill."

"News look good," said John. "War be over soon. Now if Greeks was in it more—."

"Great people, the Greeks," said Crossley. "They oughta get a medal. Yes sir, 30 cents I won!"

"Yeah," I added, "and the Russians took another hill."

"Ham and eggs, John. Sunnyside. Business good, John?"

John nodded absently. You knew John was paying too much attention to Crossley. He really thought the war was almost over. Bad for his business, that.

"They keep this base when war ends?" he asked hopefully.

"Sure, they keep this base," Crossley said. "Keeps lots bases. They keep this one."

"Lots of hill in Russia," said John, handing Crossley his plate of ham and eggs.

Crossley picked up his fork and started to eat. Nothing ever interferes with his eating.

"Let's go to a show," I said.

"Another coffee," Crossley said. "That makes two," he whispered to me. "Ten gets you 20 I pay for one."

John gave him another coffee. "What happened King Dooks?" he asked.

I said: "Who the hell is he?"

"He marry American girl," John explained.

"The Duke of Windsor," Crossley put in. "It's all over, John. War's all over. The Russians took another hill."

"All over?" A sick-looking smile came on John's face. "What happen to Duke Windsor?"

"He quit," I said.

Crossley finished his meal. "Let's go to a show," he said.

Crossley paid for one coffee and we went out.

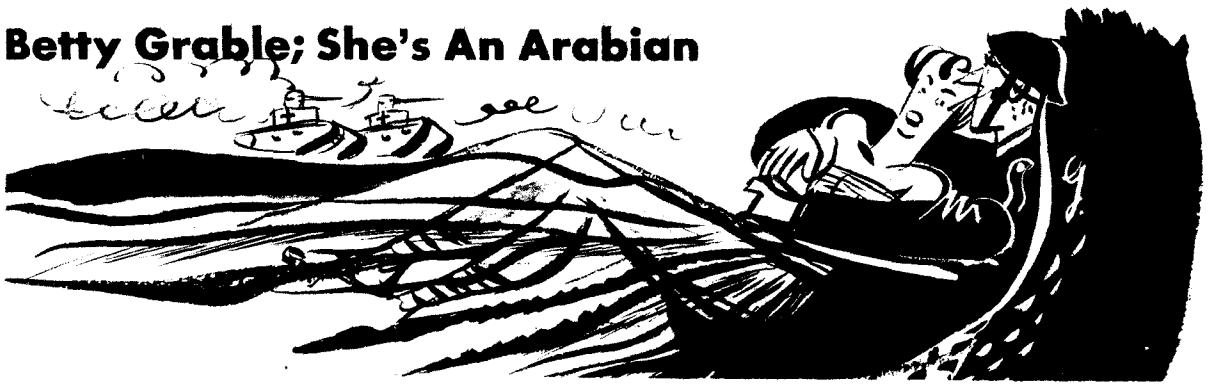
"A perfect day," Crossley said. "One coffee I pay for. Thirty cents I win at craps. And the Russians take another hill."

—Pvt. WALTER DEAN

Greenville (Miss.) Flying School

—Cpl. Howard P. Sparber, Miami Beach, Fla.

Betty Grable; She's An Arabian



"Last night," Joe said, "I went to the movies."

Whenever Joe goes to the movies, I sit up and take notice. I have to, because it's my dough he borrows to see them with.

Joe never pans a picture completely, working on the theory that he had better have a good time on my dough, or else.

"You liked it?" I asked. I was immediately sorry I said this.

"Colossal," Joe said, his voice getting louder. "Solid, on the beam, mellow." He sighed and lay back on his bunk.

"The movie is called 'Tanks a Billion.' The sign outside says it is 'the spectacular saga of our Tunisian adventure, the thrilling tale of our splendid victory.'"

Joe lit a cigarette and continued.

"Betty Grable is an Arabian girl—a guerrilless, you know—who leads a tough little band of Arabs harassing the *Afrika Korps* from the rear. Errol Flynn is a Fighting French pfc. who is harassing same from the front. As the picture opens, we see Flynn hot on the trail of some spies in Lisbon, Cairo or Casablanca. He is sitting in a cabaret, listening to the Andrews Sisters and taking notes when the lights go out and whistles start blowing. It's an air raid! Flynn finds himself in the arms of a beautiful society babe who makes a very hefty play for him there in the black-out. Although he is betrothed to Betty Grable, the Arabian chick, he is only human and tumbles for this smooth, svelte brunette with the Brooklyn accent. This part is played by Gypsy Rose Lee."

Joe mopped his forehead and went on.

"Flynn tells the society babe he is hot on the trail of some spies. He suspects the Andrews Sisters are sending code messages in hot licks. Gypsy takes all this in, but actually *she* is the spy he is searching for. Suavely she arranges a Mickey for Flynn.

"The next we see, Flynn is roped to a cactus bush in the middle of the vast Tunisian desert. It is night. Wolves howl around him, and off in the distance the aurora borealis is going full blast. I forgot to say—this is all in Technicolor.

"Just then, Flynn feels the touch of a soft, cool hand on his tense brow. He turns to find Betty Grable and her tough horde of Arabs clustered about him in foxholes.

"'Darling,' he says, choking up, 'What are you doing here?' 'I have come to save you and civilization from Gypsy Rose Lee and the German *schweinhund*,' says Betty. With that, she frees him, tosses him a bag of grenades, and they run for the U. S. camp.

"The camp is buzzing like a hive, and when Betty gives the alarm, they grab their guns and advance to meet the foe. There is a colossal battle with tanks, antitanks and a new German secret weapon—a portable foxhole. Despite this advantage, Betty and her boys, together with some 5,000 GIs, whip the Jerries completely. As the picture ends, Errol and Betty clinch against a background of burning Mark VIs. Over a sand dune come the Andrews Sisters who are really Secret Service agents, a battalion of Marines and Harry James and his orchestra, all singing 'As Time Goes By.' They congratulate Betty on her exploit, as it seems she is also a Secret Service agent whose father is Gen. MacArthur."

"A good picture, as you can see," Joe said, and added wistfully. "There's a Western next week."

—Pfc. L. E. WALLER

Johnson Field, N. C.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON WEDLOCK

Some men wed for a widow's mite,
Some for a brief caress;
Some get caught when a sweetheart's "might"
Becomes an urgent "Yes!"

Some men marry to have an heir,
Some men marry for fun;
Some wed with but two weeks to spare,
While Papa holds a gun.

Some men like a swanky affair,
While others despise it;
Some go ahead without a care
And let time legalize it.

—T/5 JOHN W. GREENLEAF

Camp Swift, Tex.

RELATED COUPLETS

I like a girl who knows
How to hold on to her beaux.

●

I dislike girls with an education
For the reason that they're all conversation.

●

Come live with me and be my love,
And baby, you know what I'm thinking of.

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

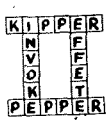
Camp Crowder, Mo.

"Confidentially, hasn't Smith been acting a bit suspicious lately?"

—Cpl. Norman Tasler, Randolph Field, Tex.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Winners of Puzzle Kits in the Tee-Total contest of May 21, and their scores, are S/Sgt. John Ertel, AAB, Kearney, Nebr. (333); Pfc. Robert Smith, Buckley Field, Colo. (331); Pvt. Herman R. Hyatt, Gila Bend, Ariz. (330); Pvt. Jack Kantrowitz, Camp Howze, Tex. (329); Pfc. Stan Zotkiewicz, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. (329); Pfc. C. W. Roberts, Camp Beale, Calif. (328), and S/Sgt. William Beard, Maxwell Field, Ala. (324). Ertel's winning solution is shown.



Many puzzlers are still adding scores incorrectly. Remember, you may count the number value of a letter *only once*. And watch out for misspellings and slang words. Since we have to have some standard for judging your solutions, we accept only words which can be found in "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition." If you can't check with Webster's, better try a different word.

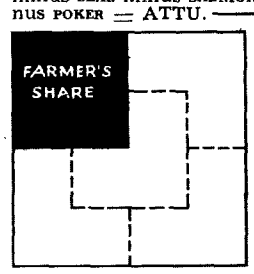
PHOTO CREDITS: 1—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2—PM. 3—Acme. 4—U. S. Army. 5—Cpl. Steve Derry. 8 & 9—Schnall. 12 & 13—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 15—Bottom left, Joseph Edwards. 16—MGM. 19—U. S. Signal Corps, Camp Hood, Tex. 20—INP. 21—Top, Acme; bottom, BPR, War Department. 23—Top, WW; bottom, PA.

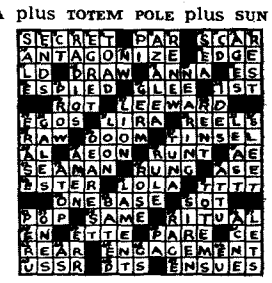
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 30 to 26. Black goes 24 to 19 to get the checker. . . . White pitches 15 to 10. Black takes 10 to 14. . . . White moves 22 to 17. Black jumps 14 to 21. . . . White moves 26 to 23. Black jumps 19 to 26. . . . White jumps 31 to 22 and is now a checker behind. But what a position! A moment's examination will show you that Black is lost. WHITE WINS.

DOUBLE PUZZLE: R plus ALASKA plus TOTEM POLE plus SUN minus SEAL minus SALMON minus POKER = ATTU.





DIVVY UP

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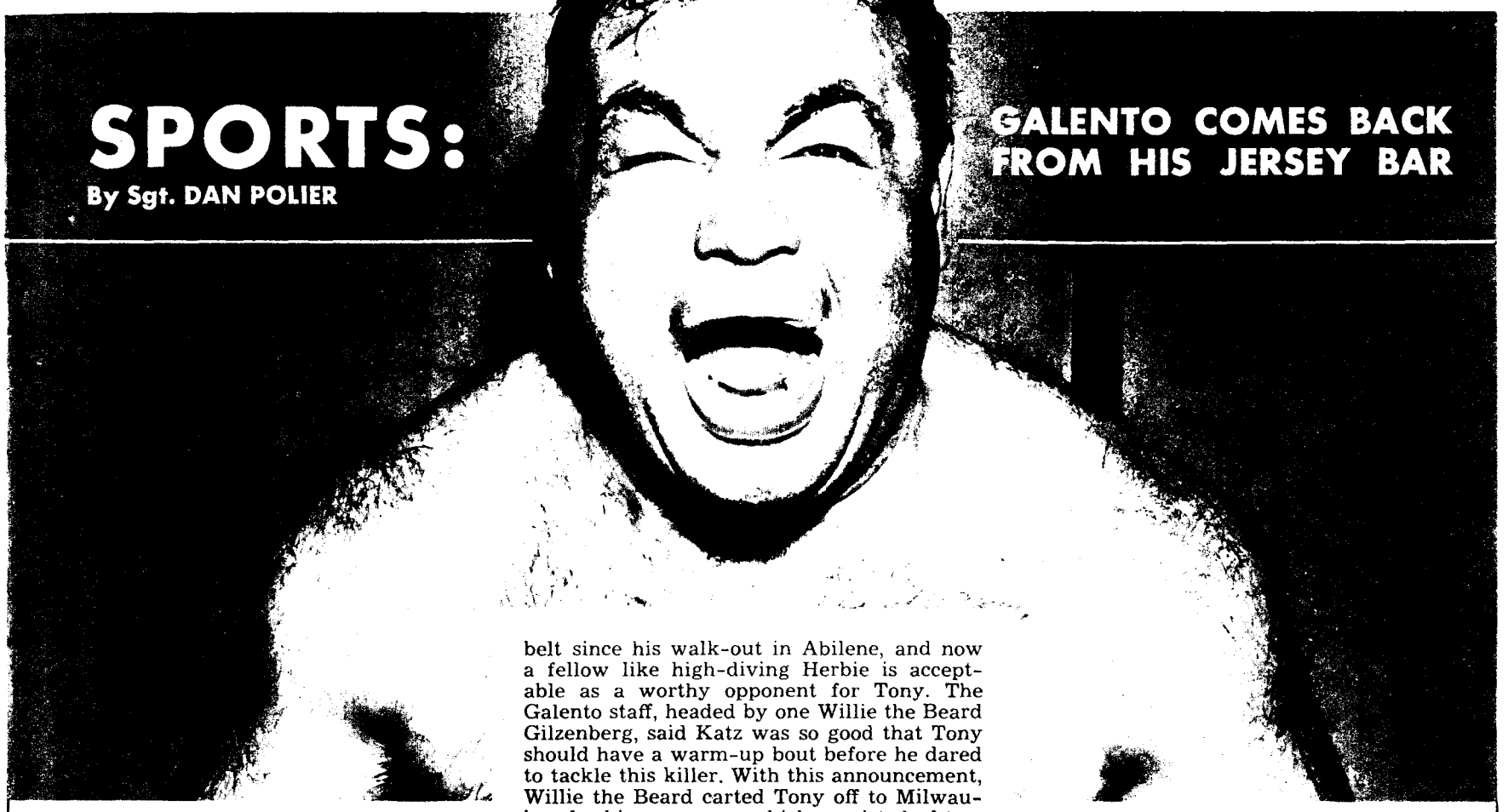
SPORTS: GALENTO COMES BACK FROM HIS JERSEY BAR

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



WHEN Tony Galento decided to come out from the business end of his Orange (N.J.) bar and begin a new pursuit of the heavyweight championship, everybody, including the 116th Field Artillery Boxing Commission, was happy to see him do it. The commission was so pleased with the idea that it decided to treat the GIs in Tampa, Fla., to a bout between the barkeep and a person named Herbie Katz.

A few years ago, Tony wouldn't have been caught in the same ring with the likes of Mr. Katz, a high-board diver who walked out of the sporting-goods store with the wrong kind of trunks. Once Tony was supposed to appear in an exhibition bout in Abilene, Tex., against Kingfish Levinsky, a gentleman who compares favorably with Citizen Katz—or vice versa. When Tony arrived in Abilene he naturally visited the town's leading bar where he saw hanging behind the mahogany a big poster that read: "Tony Galento vs. Kingfish Levinsky in a Battle of Bums." This infuriated Galento. He sought out the Abilene Boxing Commission and stated his case:

"What do you bums think I am? Punchy? Whacky? I'm a business man and a property owner. A fight with this bum Levinsky would lower my standing. Nothing doing. I'm leaving town."

A lot of beer has passed under Galento's belt since his walk-out in Abilene, and now a fellow like high-diving Herbie is acceptable as a worthy opponent for Tony. The Galento staff, headed by one Willie the Beard Gilzenberg, said Katz was so good that Tony should have a warm-up bout before he dared to tackle this killer. With this announcement, Willie the Beard carted Tony off to Milwaukee for his warm-up, which consisted of two exhibition bouts with his sparring partners.

Willie the Beard knew what he was doing. The exhibition lured a mob of 6,500, most of whom attended because they refused to believe Tony knew how to spar. As one spectator pointed out, "Galento waited until the Marquis of Queensberry was dead before he began his boxing career." Tony did nothing to change their minds. He waved his big paws at his two stooges throughout four rounds and got hit more often than he was able to reach his partners. In fact, Tony got hit by everybody in the house before the exhibition was over. Halfway through the fight the crowd decided it had suffered enough and began to hurl ripe tomatoes at Galento.

Tony screamed that this was all a frame-up and charged that a jealous Newark promoter had planted the tomatoes in the crowd.

"I looked all around the arena," Galento said, "and I didn't see nobody selling tomatoes. Besides, ain't them things rationed?"

The Katz fight, which lasted exactly 25 seconds, was a disgrace. Tony went through the motions of throwing only two punches at Herbie, the first one dropping Katz for the count of nine. A few seconds later Herbie just dropped on his own accord and hugged the canvas until Mickey Walker tolled 10.

The 116th Field Artillery Boxing Commission charged that Tony barely brushed Katz the first time and no more than pushed him the second time, and ordered the promoter to hold up purses of both fighters until an investigation could be made. Galento and Katz probably knew this was cooking because they drew their guarantees immediately after the fight and skipped town. Tony escaped to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was to meet a wrestler-boxer billed as the Golden Terror. Katz stole away to the safety of Brooklyn.

Tony's bout with the Terror was another sordid affair that adhered to the familiar wrestling script. The Terror started the fight with a typical wrestling gag—hitting Galento on the head while the referee still was giving instructions. That was Tony's cue. He began throwing harmless jabs into the Terror's bloated paunch and stretched the wrestling freak over the top rope for a seven count. The next line was the Terror's. He bounced off the ropes and hastened to exhibit an allegedly cut mouth to the referee, who said it would be brutal to permit such mayhem to continue and stopped the fight.

It would seem from this sorry business that Galento has gone and gotten himself tangled up with a wrestling trust. Maybe that's where he belongs. When Dr. William Walker examined him before the Louis fight, he said:

"This man is abnormal. Physically, he is pure animal."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

When **A/C Ted Williams** first reported for baseball practice at the North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight School he spotted **Dusty Cooke,** the Red Sox's old outfield star and one of Ted's predecessors as batting champion of the American Association. Ted rushed over to Cooke, shook his hand with enthusiasm and told him he had always wanted to meet him. Cooke, who was enjoying himself at this point, confessed that he was the great Dusty, then asked, "But what's your name, kid?" . . . Just in case you hadn't heard—it's now **Cpl. Max Baer** and **Cpl. Buddy Baer** of the Sacramento (Calif.) Air Service Command. They were both promoted the same day . . . **Lt. Tommy Harmon,** Michigan's All-Everything, is now in North Africa piloting a P-38 fighter.

Don't be surprised to find **CPO George McAfee,** the Bears' great running back, in the Michigan line-up next fall. He was recently transferred from the Jacksonville (Fla.) Naval Air Station to the Michigan campus and, according to **Coach Fritz Crisler,** would be eligible to play with the Wolverines. . . . **Lt. Ernie Sutter,** the Dixie tennis ace, who was wounded in North Africa, is recovering at the Holloran Hospital on Staten Island, N. Y. . . . **Sgt. Joe Louis** is back at Fort Riley, Kans., after finishing his shadow-boxing skit in the movie version of "This Is the Army." . . . During the battle for Attu, **Lt. Cliff Kimsey,** Georgia's 1941 All-American guard, commanded a company of GIs that kept the Jap out of the mountains and finally trapped him for annihilation or surrender.

Terry Moore, the Cards' outfielder, smiles after his first session with the supply sergeant in Panama. Just wait until he sees how those new uniforms fit.

Lt. Lou Zamperini, former Southern California intercollegiate mile champion, has been reported missing in action in the the South Pacific. He was a bombardier on a B-24 Liberator. . . . Another track man, **Sgt. Johnny Quigley,** Manhattan College's quarter-mile star who was reported missing in action in North Africa, has been found and returned to duty with the mechanized infantry. Earlier, Quigley had been awarded the Purple Heart for heroism. . . . The Cards' **Terry Moore** has resigned as a civilian physical-training instructor with the Army in Panama and joined the AAF there as a private. . . . In San Juan, Puerto Rico, former bantamweight champ **Sixto Escobar** enlisted in the U. S. Army.

The University of Iowa, whose coaching staff was completely wiped out by the war, may have to borrow a head football coach from the Iowa Naval Pre-Flight School. If it does it will probably get an Iowa alumnus, **Lt. Denny Myers,** the Boston College coach and now a hand-to-hand combat instructor at the Pre-Flight School. . . . Special Service has placed a weekly order for 50,000 copies of the *Sporting News'* overseas edition, and if you are overseas you can get one from your Special Service officer.

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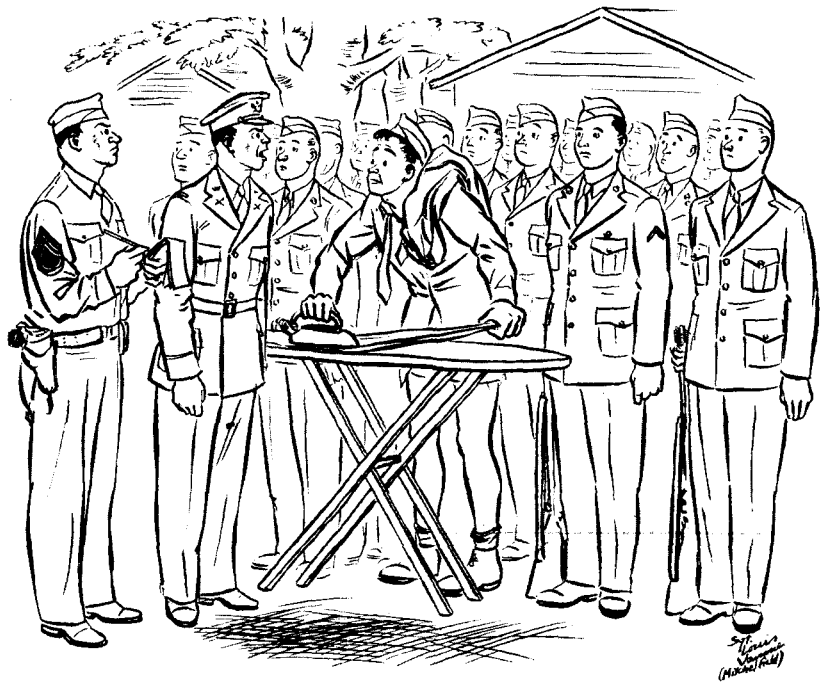
"THANKS AGAIN FOR THE SWEATER, ETHEL."
Pfc. Jaro Fabry, Wright Field, Ohio.

"WE GET OFF AT 11. IT WAS YOU TWO WHO ASKED, WASN'T IT?"
—Ron Bennett Y3c, Astoria, Oreg., and Sgt. Frank Brandt



"NEVER QUITE READY FOR INSPECTION, ARE YOU, HIGGINS?"
—Sgt. Louis Jamme, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

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